



# CHINA MAIL



No. 36829

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1957.

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RELAX IN DAKS  
THE FAMOUS COMFORT  
IN ACTION TROUSERS  
**Whiteaways**  
HONG KONG & KOWLOON

## COMMENT OF THE DAY

### MORE MONEY

Few will be surprised that the Hongkong University may have to ask Government soon for more money. The figures published in the China Mail on Thursday show that in three key faculties the University is not able to meet the demand for places. It is particularly regrettable that the science faculty should be so handicapped, though this seems to be more because of a shortage of staff than money.

Of course, it is one thing to say there ought to be places for all in Hongkong University, another to provide them. Additional funds may meet part—though not all—of the University's problem. Public donations—such as the one made by Northwest Airlines—will also welcome, but here the University has a formidable rival in the new Technical College which has received not only generous public financial assistance but also offers to set up particular courses.

### SHORTCUT

In the case of the Technical College its appeal lies in the fact that it promises to turn out men equipped to meet the needs of local industry by a more direct and less expensive method. But it was never intended as a shortcut to higher education which still requires much solid support.

The problem the University faces is that demand for places will grow every year as the population rises and the schools turn out more and more. Higher education is available at other institutions in the Colony but their scope is limited and none have quite the same appeal nor can any award as highly prized a degree as the University. The big European firms and Government would do well to consider employing more local graduates than going to the UK for senior and technical staff, and also making regular endowments to the University. The same advice may be given to the University—to encourage the appointment of local lecturers by providing overseas scholarships for graduates to be awarded on condition that on completion of their course they return to an appointment in Hongkong University at a salary comparable to those being offered to imported staff. But as for money it seems that Government will have to help any major expansion by providing financial contributions initially.

## NEW U.S. MOVE ON MIDDLE EAST

### Secret Departure Of Loy Henderson

### QUICK SURVEY

Washington, Aug. 23. The Deputy Under-Secretary of State Mr Loy Henderson, Middle East "trouble shooter," has been sent to the Middle East on a quick survey tour because of "recent developments" in Syria, it was announced today.

Mr Henderson, who left Washington secretly yesterday, is scheduled to arrive in Turkey on Sunday. He will visit other Middle East countries, but has no definite schedule yet.

### U.S. ARMY CUTS

Washington, Aug. 23.

The Army announced today it will close 16 facilities, eliminate 15,000 civilian jobs and drop one combat division as a result of the pentagon economy drive.

It said it would also cut out 18 of its present 122 anti-aircraft artillery battalions. They are 90 and 120 mm. gun outfits, generally considered ineffective against modern bombers, and probably would have been deactivated anyway.

The Army said the reductions and closings are necessary to keep within its fiscal 1958 spending ceiling of US\$8,950,000,000 and its planned reduction of 50,000 troops.—United Press.

### He's Going Back

Le Havre, Aug. 23. Jean-Baptiste Guerres, 44-year-old Frenchman who has been dabbling in the French press, "the French author for Princess Margaret's hand," started work here today helping load supplies onto a tanker.

M. Guerres, a burly, genial man, has been living in a Salvation Army hostel here since Saturday. He said British police escorted him from the country after he went to Balmoral Castle to ask for Princess Margaret's hand.

He will be paid about 600 francs (10/-) for his afternoon's work. Tomorrow he starts work at a local mineral water warehouse.

He told reporters he planned to go to Britain again.—Reuter.

### Sunken Ship Refloated

London, Aug. 23. A three thousand-ton Japanese ship sunk off the Pohai Bay (Gulf of Chihli) during the war has been refloated and entered the drydock at the Tangku new harbour today, the New China News Agency reported.

Koizan Maru, a passenger and cargo ship, ran aground and was sunk in 1940 during the Japanese occupation of Tientsin. The ship is expected to be restored to service by 1959.—Reuter.

### Spectators Hurt

### 8 Knocked Down By Fire Hose

London, Aug. 23. A heavy fire hose knocked down spectators at a fire at a teacher's college today and eight had to be sent to hospital.

Firemen were fighting the fire at St. Katherine's Teachers Training College when the hose, being pulled into position by a truck, whipped into the crowd at ankle height.

Women screamed and children were pushed down in the rush to avoid the hose.

At least a score of spectators were knocked to the pavement by the hose itself and two baby carriages were toppled over.

Eight people, including two small children, were rushed to the hospital with injuries. One elderly woman was detained with a possible fracture of the leg received when the hose pinned her against a wall.

The fire raged for more than two hours, putting a dormitory at the College before 50 firemen could extinguish it. Students were away on holiday and no one was injured in the blaze.—United Press.

### No Explanation

Mr White said Mr Henderson probably would not visit Syria, which has accused the United States of plotting to overthrow the leftist regime.

He had no explanation as to why Mr. Henderson's departure was not made public for 24 hours.

Mr White said the United States had no information to confirm reports from "London that 'thousands of Soviet volunteers' are entering Syria."

However, he said the Department was aware that the Russians who have been sending technicians to Syria for a long time had increased this activity.

### Uncertain

Mr. White indicated that officials were still uncertain as to the extent of Communist control in Syria. He said Mr. Robert C. Strong, top US diplomatic official in Damascus, might now postpone a scheduled October trip to the United States for consultations.

US officials said they had no definite information that Syria had signed a new arms agreement with the Soviet Union. They suspected, however, that Syria arranged to get more arms during recent talks in Moscow.—United Press.

### An Australian Who Shaved in Front of Milan Cathedral in Trouble

An Australian who combines sightseeing with shaving was criticised by Italian newspapers today for alleged lack of respect for one of the nation's most famous tourist sights.

Dennis Reade, of Brisbane, was moved on by police yesterday after he stopped his amphibious Jeep in the square in front of Milan's famous Cathedral and proceeded to shave himself while observing its famous facade.

### OUTCRY

Italian newspapers blasted him today for disrespect. "What would happen?" they asked. "If he did that at home?"

The attack followed an outcry in Rome earlier this week against the "indecent" dress of some women tourists. Rome police headquarters issued special instructions to police on the beat to reprimand

### "Rescue"—By The Red Devils



Five-year-old showgirl, Valerie Hunt was "imprisoned" by enemy troops in an 80-roomed Elizabethan mansion on Salsbury Plain on Monday. Then along came the opposing forces in the Army Exercise "Operation My Fair Lady" — men of the 3rd Parachute Bn — the Red Devils. Led by Capt. Richard Dawnay, they burst through the door and "rescued" Valerie.

The photo shows: Capt. Dawnay, pistol in one hand, and carrying Valerie over his shoulder, during Monday's "rescue" exercise. — Keystone Photo.

### AUSTRALIAN WHO SHAVED IN FRONT OF MILAN CATHEDRAL IN TROUBLE

Milan, Aug. 23.

The police pointed out that the DUKW was parked in a non-parking place in the middle of the sidewalk and in the water.

He told curious onlookers in Milan he had "swum the Channel." In it and later planned to take it home to Brisbane by way of Yugoslavia, Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, India, Siam, Malaya and Indonesia.

### NO PARKING

Police were called to the DUKW in the square in front of the Cathedral yesterday after a crowd collected around it to watch Reade shaving.

It did not say what they were. —United Press.

### ISRAEL PROTESTS ON SHIP HOLD-UP

New York, Aug. 23. Israel today protested to the president of the Security Council, Dr Francisco Urrutia of Colombia, against Egypt's action in delaying passage of an Israeli-bound freighter, Mars, in the Suez Canal.

A 16-man French-economic mission led by Senator Henri Rochereau and including experts of the State collieries, railways and electricity corporations is leaving for China early next week.

New state-backed companies have been set up to negotiate and sell abroad the know-how and material developed by the French state industries.

Two companies—"sofralin" representing the railways and "sofremin" for the collieries—have so far been formed and have already won important contracts in India and Japan.

The formation of "sofricel," representing the State Electricity Corporation is expected to be announced soon.—Reuter.

### FRANCE AFTER CHINA ORDERS

Paris, Aug. 23. The French Government through the state nationalised industries is making a strong bid to secure for France a fair share of the China market, reliable sources said here today.

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### Still Hope Says Zorin

London, Aug. 23. The Soviet disarmament delegate Mr Valerian Zorin told the London conference today Russia had not rejected the West's disarmament proposals and wanted to know more about them.

Mr Zorin ignored Moscow propaganda blasts against the Western breakthrough offer of a two-year nuclear test suspension and fired a flurry of questions at Western delegates.

Then he declared: "I wish to state that while asking these questions and clarifications, I entirely refrain from stating conclusions regarding these proposals."

He promised careful study.—United Press.

### Paratrooper Guilty

Kempen, Aug. 22. A warrant officer in the new West German Army, whose orders during an exercise led to the drowning of 12 paratroopers, was today sentenced to eight months' imprisonment, but had his sentence immediately suspended for five years.

Warrant Officer Dieter Jülich, who ordered the units of paratroopers under his command to cross a flooded and dangerous river, was charged with homicide through negligence as a result of the death of 15 of his men.—France-Press.

### Templer Visit

Singapore, Aug. 23. Field Marshal Sir Gerald Templer, Chief of the Imperial General Staff, will visit Hongkong between Sept. 3 and 6.—Reuter.

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11.

## KING'S PRINCESS

1.10, 5.10, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

— TO-DAY —

Academy Award  
Winner for Best StoryAn Adventure and a Love Story  
touched with greatness...and that  
living quality called heart!

THE KING BROTHERS PRESENT

The Brave One

INTRODUCING

MICHEL RAY

IRVING RAPPAPORT • HARRY FRANKLIN &amp; MERRILL C. WHITE • MAGGIE KING &amp; FRANK KING

CINEMASCOPE

TECHNICOLOR

EXTRA MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW  
At 11.00 a.m.KING'S PRINCESS  
20th Century-Fox ||| Walt Disney-RKO

TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

## PRINCESS

SPECIAL MATINEE  
To-morrow at 12.10 p.m.A Superb Indian Film by Black & White Movies  
Geeta — Dovanand — Nadira & Gope  
in "POCKET MAAR"

Music: Madan Mohan Written &amp; Directed by Rawail

8 Hit Songs — Regular Prices

## KING'S

air-conditioned

STAR THEATRE METROPOLe

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 &amp; 9.30 P.M.

THE MOST STARTLING SPY-HUNT EVER FILMED!

ROBERT MITCHUM

Shelley Reynolds

Full-length Production in CINEMA COLOR

FOREIGN INTRIGUE

Directed by Robert Aldrich

STAR: 5 Shows To-morrow, Extra Performance of

"FOREIGN INTRIGUE" At 12.30 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW

STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLe: At 11.00 a.m.

"ALICE IN WONDERLAND"

LATEST FOX TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS

At Reduced Prices

METROPOLe: To-morrow Special Morning Show

At 12.30 p.m.

James Stewart in

"WINCHESTER '73"

Color by Technicolor

At Reduced Prices

## The Garrison Players

are holding a  
CASTING MEETING

for their first production of the season:

## "THE DEEP BLUE SEA"

by TERENCE RATTIGAN

on

Monday, August 26th, at 7.30 p.m.

in

KING GEORGE'S HALL, THE MISSIONS TO SEAMEN

40 Gloucester Road, Hong Kong

Whoever you are, Member or non-Member, Services or Civilian, you will be made most welcome. There could be a part for YOU.

FILMS CURRENT & COMING  
by ANTHONY FULLER

Orlando:

I am sorry but I can't tell you much about this picture. The Roxy and the Broadway Theatre made "An Affair to Remember" will not be shown until late in September. However, Orlando is a prestige picture filmed in Eastman colour, and is dubbed in English.

I have not heard the sound track so everything depends on how well the dialogue is dubbed. It is a spectacular story with gallant knights in shining armour dashing across wide open plains, while beautiful maidens weep and wince in anguish. Orlando is Tennyson's Sir Galahad, surrounded by medieval scenes.

This is magnificent spectacle, holding the whole audience in its grip, starring Rick Battaglia, Rosanna Schiaffino, and Fabrizio Mioni.

## Stirring Epoch

Mohawk:

The blazing spectacle of frontier warfare serves as an exciting background to an adventure and forbidden love, in Mohawk, now showing at the Liberty and Hoover Theatres. Scott Brady, Rita Gam, and Neville Brand, top a superb cast in this daring action-drama photographed in Widevision and Eastman colour.

The script brings to life a stirring epoch of American history, the courageous struggle of the early pioneers to settle in the great Mohawk Valley, the hunting grounds of the Mohawks and the other mighty Iroquois tribes. Set against this flaming background is a strange, primitive love story that defies all rules. Scott Brady plays the role of a young artist-frontiersman—who falls in love with Rita Gam, the daughter of the chief of the Iroquois. Their love proves stronger than fear, stronger than the hatred and distrust that locks this white man and Indian in mortal combat.

Neville Brand has one of the most important roles of his career as a revengeful brave whose hate for the white man threatens not only the settlers but the warriors of the entire Iroquois nation.

## Two Girls

Competing with Rita Gam for Scott Brady's love are two girls, Lori Nelson and Allison Hayes. Lori plays the role of a Boston society girl who pursues Bob in her fiance, into the wild Mohawk Valley. She finds that absence has made his heart grow weaker for he is now interested in Allison Hayes, a lusty vivacious pioneer girl, who scorns the niceeties of high society in her determination to win Scott.

You can now tell that everything is set for a really good show-down, what with the Indians and the jealous women. I think this picture scores with its mass scenes of action. There is a terrific shot as the Indians, armed with bows and arrows, fire a volley into the heavy log walls. The valiant lords head to this kind of thing and made me regret that all this new colour technique came after my cowboy and Indian days.

The music of this film is rather good, a stirring score based on authentic Indian folk-lore tunes.

## Talented Child

The Brave One:

The Brave One, now showing at the King's and Princess Theatres has already been reviewed in these columns. The film has been called back because the original choice for the

week-end did not come up to local expectations.

Now my authorities on bull-fighting are Ernest Hemingway and Tom Lea, principally the former. I had better say right away that bull-fighting as a spectacle does not appeal to me, and that I do not consider it a sport. I tried hard to appreciate Hemingway's point of view as he spoke with inspired wisdom of the "moment of truth." That is when the keen blade links the live matador, and the dying bull, in an unholy Trinity of unnecessary agony. I had much more sympathy with the old lady sitting beside me in the cinema who stood up and shouted with glee as the bull tossed the matador base over apex.

All this is to say that the climax of this film takes place in Mexico City's vast Plaza de Mexico where Fermín Rivera, the celebrated matador, goes through his pieces with "Gitanos" the invincible bull.

Picture-goers will recall many scenes from Walt Disney's, The

Hill Outlaw, quite frankly. I formed the opinion that both films were on location at the same time.

I did enjoy the scenes of Mexico City and the beautiful countryside, but what I cannot understand is the delight in vicious violence that seems to pervade through every strata of that country.

Our attention is called to Michael Ray, the talented child who fights to save the life of the brave bull. Talented, undoubtedly he is, but I am thinking in the sense that he

is a child who fights to save the life of the brave bull.

The film is a show world of traitors-for-hire where blackmail buys a soul, where a bullet fired in a Vienna slum is heard in London's Foreign Office.

Where a bandit's warm promise to Stockholm turns to ice in the Riviera. In short, a situation where you hold the world in your hand one minute, and the next—it goes off in your face.

The story involves the death of an international tycoon which soon envelopes his publicity man, (Robert Mitchum) in quest for the four most evil men in Europe.

The feminine roles are played by two new comers, Genevieve Page, a smart young Parisian, and Ingrid Tulean, an exciting young Swedish girl.

Action of the film revolves

about the terror loosed upon the

City of Paris by a garrulous

phantom whose physical strength coupled with an illusive cut-and-thrust brings panic to the populace. The only thing that can be said in favour of this crazed monster is that when it selects a victim, it is always a

beautiful woman.

Made in Warner-Colour, this

film starring Karl Malden,

Claude Dauphin, Patricia Medina, and Steve Forrest, taken

to the decadent quarters of

Paris that provided the back-

ground for so much of the

literature of the last half of the

nineteenth century, the Latin Quarter, the Sorbonne University, the Apache hangouts,

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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

**THIS ARTIST CREATED MASTERPIECES**

By DOC QUIGG

New York.  
A FELLOW here has been trying in vain for more than a year to find direct descendants of one of the finest artists ever to hit these shores. The Government owes them nearly \$12,000.

The artist was Emanuel Ninger. A stocky, blue-eyed man with a blond beard and a profile somewhat like that of Gen. U.S. Grant, Ninger came here from Germany in 1882 when he was 35. The

**You Saw Things That Weren't There**

ship's manifest listed him, peculiarly, as "sign painter."

He did some work briefly as a sign painter in Hoboken, N.J., but the employer said he wasn't good enough at it. Ninger didn't need the job, however, because meantime he had put his tremendous talent to work. He and his wife, Adelaide, eventually bought a farm in Fliegertown, N.J., living comfortably with three daughters and a son in a house which had one room set aside for Ninger and his art.

Working only with pen, ink, and brushes he created masterpieces that later were praised

by art critics. His drawing was impressionistic, yet frankly imitative. He imitated money—\$20, \$50, and \$100 bills.

The Secret Service considers his hand drawings the most artistic counterfeits of U.S. notes in currency history. Some of his notes occupy a place of honour, framed to set off their beauty, in the U.S. Secret Service files room in Washington. At his trial, art critics said his work was fine impressionistic art—he made you see things that weren't there.

Lacking a steel graver to work with, he couldn't put in

fine details with the cruder instruments. He got around this by simply leaving them out and suggesting their presence so artfully that even if you looked closely you got the impression they were there.

He even left out the tiny figures, which were carried on bills at the time, saying they were made "At The Bureau Of Engraving And Printing."

When the secret service later asked him why, he replied with pride and dignity: "Because it didn't make 'em."

It has been estimated that Ninger successfully passed between \$300 and \$400 of this stuff a month for about 17 years

year when Bloom was working on the Ninger chapter, he discovered that \$350 of the real money seized in Ninger's house never was returned to him or his family. Ninger got out of jail in 1950. There is no record of date or place of death.

Bloom tried by local phone, by notices in the New York Times, by letters throughout the country to locate descendants of Emanuel and Adelaide. None stepped forth to claim the money.

At the six per cent compound interest paid on claims against the Government, the \$350 taken in 1950 when Ninger was arrested now is \$11,545.74—and growing fast. United Press.

**Aladdin's Lamp Of 1957**

Berkeley, Calif.  
MRS Ernest Gray told how she dusted an old light fixture and—almost like Aladdin and his Lamp—turned up a treasure.

The hoard consisted of \$44,000 in cash and about \$5,000 in diamonds.

The money and jewels apparently had been hidden in the light fixture by the former owner of the Grays' house, Mrs. Frances Matthews.

**UNBELIEVABLE**

Mrs. Matthews was a sweet little old lady who had a shopping record stretching back to the 1920's. Her latest arrest was in 1955, when a judge fined her \$100 for trying to slip out of a supermarket with a pound of butter.

She died in April 1956 at the age of 78. Some \$20,000 in cash was found in her home before the Grays bought it.

Mrs. Gray found the latest hoard early last week while dusting the fixture:

"Suppose I look up here and find a lot of money?" Mrs. Gray gaily asked her husband. Gray laughed and handed her a dust cloth.

Mrs. Gray reached up to brush away some cobwebs and in doing so found a brown paper package, a faded coin purse and an old brown sock.

**SHOPLIFTER**

"We could hardly believe it," she said. "We talked it over and debated whether anybody had any right to it." Gray said: "We didn't take long to make up our minds. The next day I called my lawyer and after that we turned it over to Mr. Sapiro, the lawyer for Mrs. Matthews' estate."

The money will eventually go to Guido Dogs For The Blind, Inc., a non-profit organization and the sole beneficiary of Mrs. Matthews' estate.—United Press.

**JOHNNY WAS FEELING HOT SO...**

Detroit.  
Johnny McGee, 4, was back home in Toledo after proving himself a cool customer of the Detroit Police Department.

Johnny, dressed only in a bathing suit, still found Toledo stifling and crawled into an air-conditioned bus at the station eight blocks from his home.

The bus driver, used to carrying all kinds of passengers, noticed Johnny on the bus but thought he belonged to one of the women aboard and rolled out of the station for Detroit. Johnny arrived here at 9:30 pm, just about the time his mother, Mrs. Bonnie McGee, who has five other children to care for, was reporting him missing in Toledo.

A phone call set things straight and Johnny's father came to get him.

But Johnny had a wider destination for Detroit police tough. He told them he was 10—United Press.

**WHILE THIS ONE WOKE AN OUTDATED \$1 BILL ON A SIX-FOOT RUG**

By JAMES BAAR

Washington.  
Uncle Sam doesn't like people to whip up dollar bills on their own even in the form of a six-foot rug. The Secret Service emphasized the point when it made a nearby suburban dry cleaner remove from his window an Iranian rug that looked like an outdated one dollar bill.

Dry cleaner Alex George first put the three-by-six-foot woolly buck on dis-

play in his Arlington, Va., store. The Secret Service told him to remove it or face unpleasantness for possession of a facsimile of U.S. currency. The Secret Service wanted to know who owned the rug.

George refused to disclose the owner's name. He said the relationship between

a dry cleaner and his clients is sacred.

But after talking with his lawyers he removed the rug—to a window in his Silver Spring, Md., store.

They said I should take it to Maryland where we know the laws better," he said.

The Secret Service turned up in Maryland, too. They

still didn't think much of the rug being displayed. George reluctantly surrendered. He promised to remove the rug from his window if the Secret Service would stop asking the name of the rug's owner.

"I don't see what harm it could do to the American dollar to have it on display," George said morosely, "who could spend a rug?"

Carlisle.  
PATRICK SWAINES'S Sunday outing was impromptu.

It began at 12:45 p.m. when he and his 28-year-old fiancee, Miss Jessie Sharpe, raced on to Luton Station, after a party to catch their train home.

Home to Bedford 20 miles away.

"We were a minute or two late," said Mr. Swaine afterwards—long afterwards.

"The booking clerk said Platform One. We saw people getting on a train, and we just made it before it pulled out.

**IT STOPPED**

"When we passed through Bedford we realized our mistake."

"We didn't like to mention it to the other passengers. We did think of pulling the communication cord, but then we thought of the £2.5 it might have cost us. At every station we prayed the train would stop."

About six and a half hours and 270 miles later the train did stop—at Carlisle.

Said Miss Sharpe, a machinist of Broom Road, Stamford, near Bingleywaide: "Everybody at Carlisle Station was most helpful.

"But we had to stand in the corridor all the way to Carlisle and all the way back. Both trains were packed."

Mr. Swaine, 32-year-old railway foreman of College Road, Bedford, said: "Apparently the train we should have got was held up and waiting to pull into Platform One."

**STARTLING FACTS OF NUDE BATHING IN SWEDEN**

Stockholm.  
Swedes, who have been listening to everyone abroad tell them that "everyone" here swims in the nude, had a close look at themselves.

A Stockholm newspaper published the results of an investigation into nude bathing and just who takes off their suits.

The survey showed that 29 per cent of men and women interviewed on the question prefer to swim in the raw. Thirty-seven per cent modestly insist on some form of bathing suit, brief or otherwise. Twelve per cent said they were "uncertain."

**22 Per Cent Don't Swim**

The remaining 22 per cent, the survey noted somewhat disapprovingly "do not go swimming at all."

Who takes off their suits?

The most eager are those between 30 and 39 years of age," according to the survey. "Surprisingly, the majority of young men and women between 16 and 22 prefer wearing suits."

Men outnumber women in preferring swimming in the nude. A "very large" percentage of the women interviewed said they "would never dream of" taking off their suits, the survey said.

**City Dwellers Prefer It**

City dwellers also prefer nude bathing more than countryfolk.

In Sweden, nude bathing is legal on special sections of beaches so marked.

There are no walls, no barriers. Half of some beaches are reserved for family use, the other half for the uninhibited of any and all ages.—United Press.

**WHITE DISCS FOR CHILD CYCLISTS**

London.  
L-tests are to be introduced for child cyclists.

Those who don't take the test or don't pass will probably have to carry white discs on front and back mudguards—to show that they are learners.

But it is unlikely that it will be compulsory.

Mr. Harold Watkinson, Minister of Transport, announced the tests in the Commons the other day—and an L-training scheme for child cyclists.

**Parents' job**

The Ministry said that it would be up to parents to see that their children took part in the scheme.

Mr. Watkinson, while following the principles laid down in a Working Party report presented a year ago,

The report rejected compulsory tests because of ad-

ministrative difficulties and the burden on the police.

But it suggested badges for children who have passed, and white discs—diameter 4 in.—for those who have not.

**Saving lives**

Some local councils have already run schemes and tests with grants from the Government. Hounslow Road Safety Committee has had a scheme for child cyclists.

**Parents' job**

Its chairman, Councillor Miss Doris Bailey, said: "We have proved that these tests and training are saving children's lives."

Hounslow holds the national record of not having a child cyclist killed between five and 10 miles on its roads for two years.

**Parents' job**

The Ministry said that it

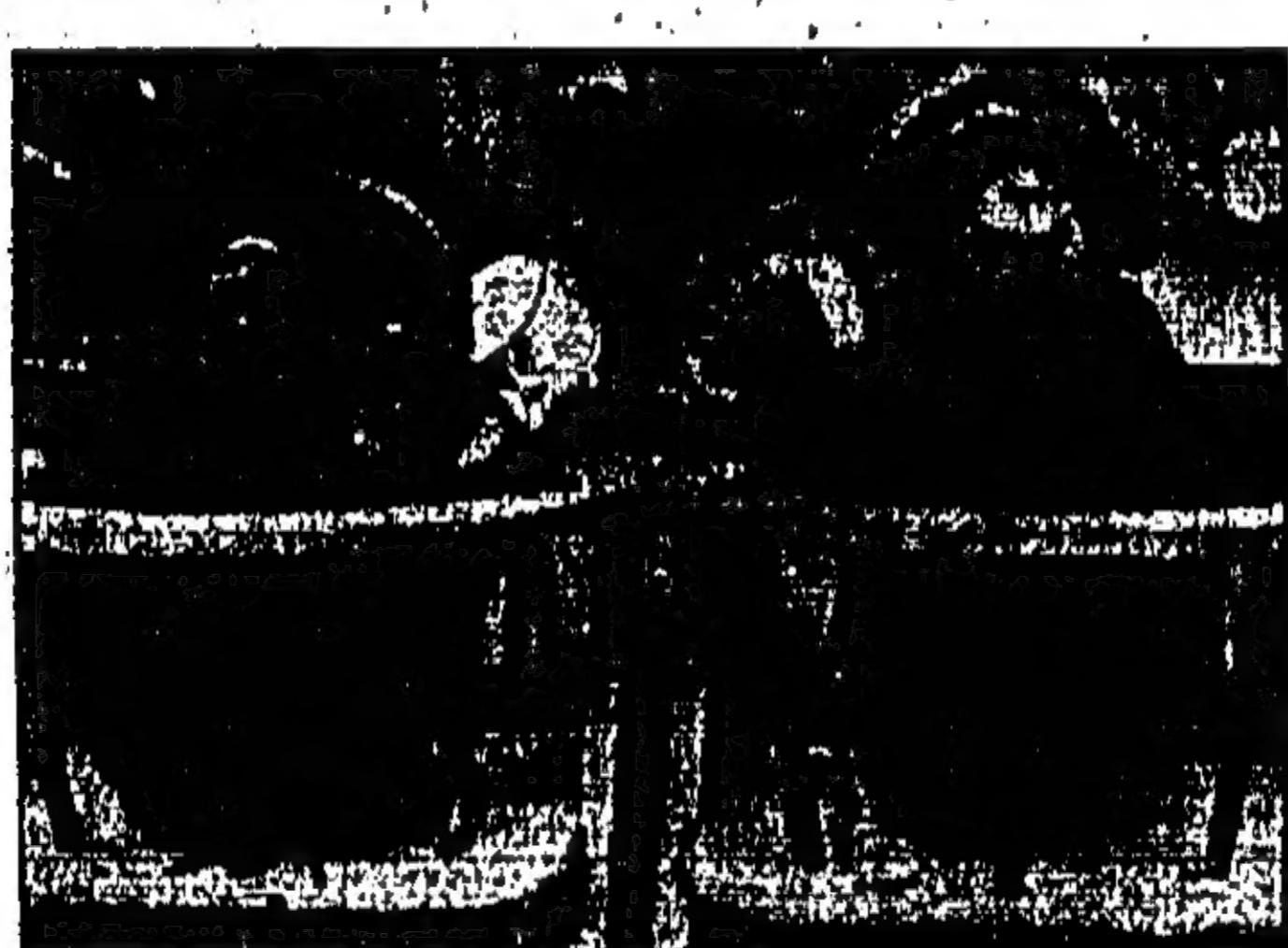
would be up to parents to see

that their children took part in

the scheme.

The report rejected com-

pulsory tests because of ad-

**TABLE MANNERS, NOW**

Maggie (left) and Fiji were having a lesson in table manners when they, with five other chimpanzees, took part in a rehearsal for the chimpanzees' tea party at the Zoo. The party is to be held regularly.

**THE NIGHT OF THE 30 YUL BRYNNERS**

Canterbury.  
THIRTY bald heads—all pink and shiny—bobbed down the road in Aylesham, Kent.

Beneath the glistening pates 30 miners laughed at the result of a bet for ten cigarettes in the bar of the Moor's Head, is nearby Adisham.

Miner Bob Bailey, 34, had said: "You know, I'd like a Yul Brynner haircut." His friend Cyril Theobald said: "Bet you can't cigarettes you wouldn't."

That started it. Sitting in the bar was 59-year-old Lew Davis, the miners' amateur barber. Before you could say The King and I, Bob was as bald as an egg.

Then Cyril took the chair. A little more cut and thrust from Lew and Theobald was...ch...ch...

**SHEEP STATION**

Seven others followed, and the bar parlour looked like a sheep-shearing station. The next night, Lew had more customers. Domes of various shapes emerged from under the blankets.

Everyone laughed—except Mrs. Barbara Christie, of Cornwall—everyone. Aylesham—married seven months to 26-year-old miner David Christie.

She looked out of the window and by the light of a street lamp saw her husband returning, hairless. She went upstairs without speaking, and he left the house the next day.

He returned the following day for his clothes and asked her if she still thought he looked ugly.

She said, "No, I don't."

He left again the next day.

Since July 24, 1957, Mrs. Bailey's voice has sold the time away ten seconds at a time and brought to a total of more than \$100,000. London.

**RECORD IS 21 YEARS OLD**

London.

The bright voice that answers London telephone callers with the time of day whenever they dial T.M. celebrated its 21st birthday a few weeks ago.

It is the recorded voice of Mrs. Edmund Bailey, wife of an English theatre producer.

Since July 24, 1936, Mrs. Bailey's voice has sold the time away ten seconds at a time and brought to a total of more than \$100,000. London.

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# HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



**HE VANISHED . . .** 7-year-old Allan Warren (RIGHT) outside a public house in Loughton while his parents had a drink. His body was found three days later, strangled, mauled by a sexual killer.

**HE VANISHED . . .** 4-year-old Allan Murphy (BELOW), proud owner of a new blue tricycle, while playing in Pockham. Alerted by the Warren tragedy, 100 police and half Pockham hunted all day. Mother waited heartsick at home. At 10 pm Allan was found, 100 yards from the police station in Plumstead, bowed over his new handlobose asleep. He had tricycled 10 miles in 11½ hours. Said Allan, "There were nice men who helped me. I said I came from my Daddy's in Camberwell, but they didn't believe me. At some traffic lights a policeman took me across. He didn't ask anything."

Express



After the Cyprus wedding of British Sergeant Herbert Toccalo, and formerly anti-British Avra ("Soft Breezo"), came the surprise; well-wishers stopped them in the street to say, "best thing that has happened in our town in months. May the marriage be happy forever." Express



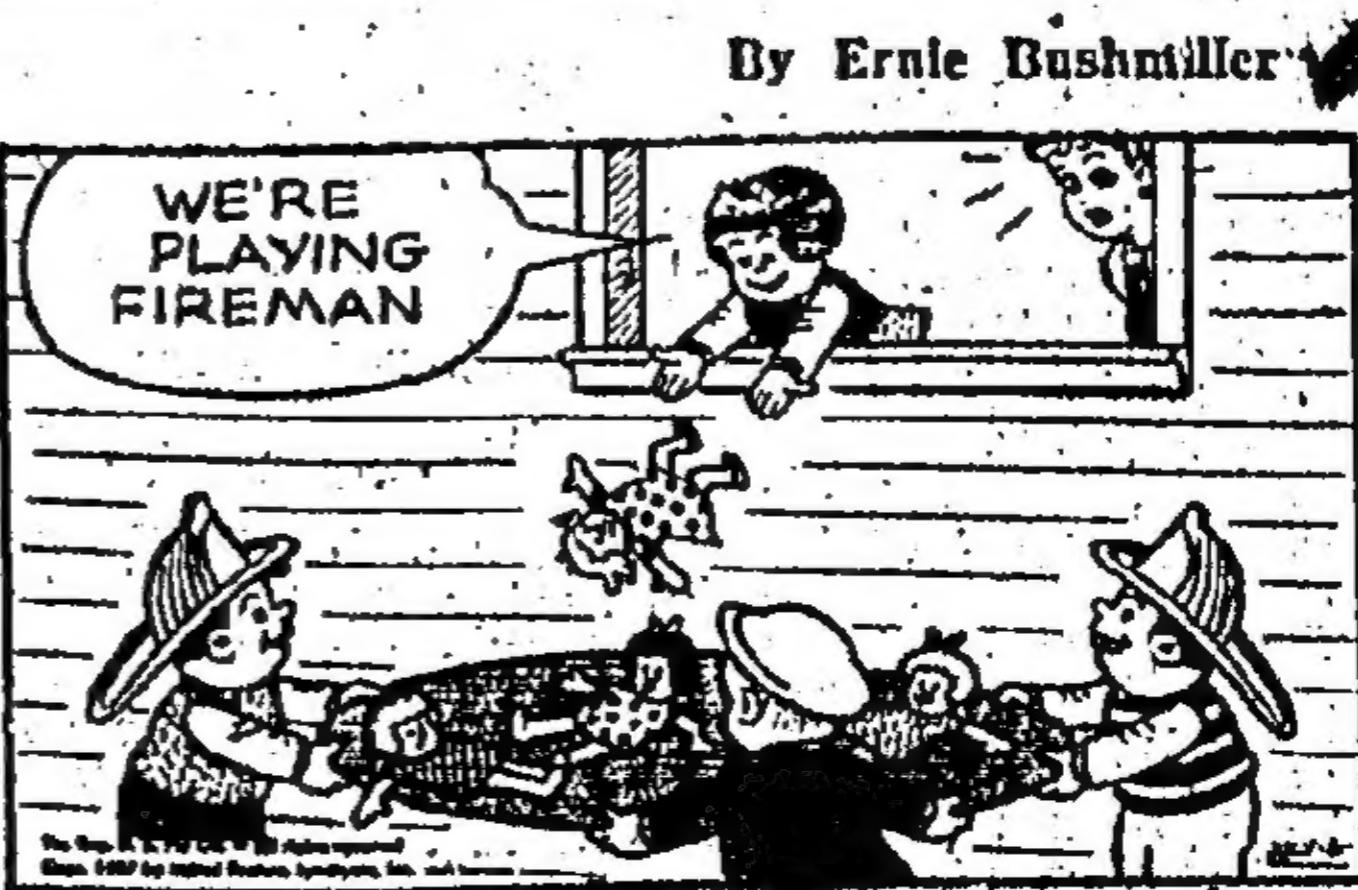
**RIGHT:** Engagement in Blackpool . . . Belfast's enchanting singer Ruby Murray and quartet vocalist Bernard Burgess found-themselves on the same programme, and decided to keep it that way. Express



**FIT FOR A KING . . .** England's heir is going to school. Some say he should stay at home and go to a Council day school. His parents prefer the more Spartan, more "English" setting of an ordinary boarding school. Express

**FIT FOR A PRINCE . . .** the pavement at Cowes (LEFT), where no one minds or notices if the yachtsman is a Duke. Express

**BELOW:** Mrs Jean Mann, Labour MP, strongly criticised actress Vivien Leigh who is on holiday in Italy with her daughter Suzanne Holman; and Suzanne's father . . . Vivien's first husband . . . barrister Leigh Holman. Express



By Ernie Bushmiller



**ANNIVERSARY STORY****A JURY TRIAL THAT SHOCKED THE WORLD**

**Were innocent men convicted? Seven years' ordeal ended in electric chair**

NEVER has the world been so revolted by a judicial execution as on that tragic day, 30 years ago this month, when two seemingly innocent men were electrocuted in Charleston Prison, Boston, USA. There were violent demonstrations of protest all over the globe. At Geneva, extensive damage was caused to the glass hall where the Council of the League of Nations used to meet, and at least one person was killed in riots.

It was on April 16, 1920, that the paymaster and guard of a Braintree, Massachusetts, shoe company were killed by bandits who seized and carried off a £3,750 payroll. Three weeks later, two Italians who had immigrated to the U.S. in 1908—Nicola Sacco, a shoemaker, and Bartolomeo Vanzetti, a fish-seller—were arrested and charged with the crime.

Neither man had been anywhere near the scene of the murders at the time. But at trial, which began on May 30, 1921, in the Massachusetts Superior Court, the State produced no fewer than 50 witnesses for the prosecution.

The defense called eleven witnesses—but the prisoners were convicted mainly on the evidence of a subversive woman who had caught a glimpse of the interior of a car travelling at 15 miles an hour. She gave minute details identifying a man sitting in the back of the car as Sacco.

**Blatant Perfidy**

Other police witnesses included convicts and terrified women; and in nearly every case the defense was able to prove blatant perjury. It soon became clear that Sacco and Vanzetti were really on trial because they were anarchists, though of a harmless type, and that both the police and the court were determined to convict them of murder.

The men were openly of Radical opinions, and America was, at that time, in the throes of a great Bolshevik scare. It was reported that the foreman of the jury had been heard to say before the trial: "Damn them, they're Reds; they ought to hang, anyway, even if they're innocent."

For year after year the case dragged on, but repeated motions for a new trial always failed.

**Gangster's Confession Ignored**

Not even the confession. In November, 1925, of Portuguese gangster Cesario Madeiros that he had shot the victim, and his statement that neither Sacco nor Vanzetti had been present, made the slightest difference. Judge Thayer claimed that Madeiros, already sentenced to death for another crime, had assumed guilt in the hope of delaying his own execution.

An appeal to the State Supreme Court failed, and on April 9, 1927, Judge Thayer sentenced both defendants to the electric chair.

It was then that the first storm of protest broke throughout the world. Violent demonstrations were held and officials connected with the case were flooded with petitions, mingled with threats. The defense carried the case to Governor Fuller, who not only made a personal investigation but also appointed three eminent men to examine the facts independently.

**Frantic Appeals**

But on August 3, Fuller announced that the verdict must stand. Successive days postponed the execution, while frantic but vain appeals were made to Judge Thayer, to the Supreme Judicial Court, and finally to members of the Supreme Court, the Attorney-General and the President himself.

Inflamed by the obstinacy of the judiciary, tens of thousands of objectors grew more and more violent. Bombs were set off in and in Latin-American countries, New York, Philadelphia, Paris, and London.

It was shortly after midnight on August 23 that Sacco and Vanzetti went to their deaths, both maintaining their innocence to the end. The gangster, Madeiros, had gone to the chair just before them. Outside Charleston Prison there was a fantastic scene. Police armed with machine-guns, gas projectors, tear bombs, rifles, sawn-off shotguns and pistols formed a huge cordon around the gaol, which resembled a fortress prepared for a siege. Many of the thousand people who gathered were arrested, but the strength of the guard disengaged any real violence.

**Glad To Die**

After seven years of dreadful uncertainty, Sacco and Vanzetti are said to have been almost glad to die. They are now generally agreed, even by distinguished lawyers, that they were innocent of any connection with the crime.

**The jam is still tomorrow's brand in Ghana**

Who have replaced the Colonial Service Administrators of Accra?

....A water fetish, the Moslem "Seer of Kan Kan," a "Super-Cabinet," and a frightened man in a closed car and a walled castle that is defended, locked, and barred.

**D R KWAME NKRUMAH**, Ghana's Prime Minister, whom thousands of the simpler Africans believe to be protected by strong ju-ju from bricks, bullets, bombs or what have you, is as nervous really as the next man in this land made jumpy by tough talk and deportations.

Men who were his intimates, say that he trusts few people but values advice from a Moslem seer living at Kan-Kan on the Ivory Coast. He went to Abidjan, Ivory Coast, after Ghana attained independence officially for a break. But, in the opinion of some who know how his mind works, the visit's purpose was to get the latest "jam" from the Seer of Kan-

Kan.

Nkrumah has visited a water fetish near Accra at critical times; he is reputed to have a charm snown into the handkerchief he waves when he is speaking; many of his followers

believe the striped house cane he carries everywhere is a form of protection. Nkrumah walks carefully these days. Once quite a mixer, happy in the

frantic crowd, he is now more withdrawn.

When he returned to Accra after the Commonwealth Premiers' conference, he rode in a closed car instead of an open jeep—his old mode of travel.

Now, there is a barrier under

the gate arch—guarded by police.

The walls are not completely encircle the house—so Nkrumah is going to have the gap filled with a strong new wall. It is rumoured that he is also having the door locks changed.

Nkrumah is worried by enemies outside and inside his Convention People's Party. Although he extracts some satisfaction from the respect shown to him by the few remaining British officials and by overseas big businesses represented here, he is still a worried man. His Cabinet is not united.

His decision to deport a non-Ghanian journalist and two Moslem leaders increased existing frictions there.

At least twelve of his parliamentary back-benchers are demanding the demotion of one minister and two others are unpopular with the rank and file.

Ministers are accused by their own party members of amassing wealth and going slow on important tasks. Party militants say that the promised jam is all tomorrow's brand.

They want some jam today, less grandiose talk, and fewer ministerial trips abroad.

To this awkward squad, the ministerial patter about a Ghana shipping line, a Ghana air line—even a Ghana Navy—grates, and will grate, until land, housing and labour problems are resolutely dealt with.

Nkrumah is worried, too, by the way Cabinet and party secrets leak out. His first question about anyone today is, "Is he loyal to me?"

**LESS YESSES**

In the C.P.P., "yesmanship" is not so prevalent as it was. A long string of complaints was sent to Nkrumah by party stalwarts in Accra. In Ashanti, a "spitfire" group has been formed in the C.P.P. to press for jobs for the boys who did their bit as "action troopers" during the "clashes" between government supporters and opponents before independence.

In Accra, for several years the stronghold of the C.P.P., people in the old Ga State are turning against "the showboy"—Nkrumah's old nickname—and protesting about alleged favouritism and misuse of tribal lands. Right under Nkrumah's nose these dissidents, in a uniform composed of caps, red scarves and red wrist bands, are threatening to overturn the government at meetings.

There remains, of course, Colonial Development and Welfare: But British Guiana has much to learn politically—above all, that an essential need in a democratic constitution is the growth of party government and a strong opposition.

Only Jamaica, in the West Indies, has fully recognised this truth. To some, the surprise of the election has been the total failure of the Labour Front, for its leader Lionel Lucius, who had won considerable respect when Mayor of Georgetown, gave up his legal practice for politics, and worked unceasingly at considerable financial sacrifice. But his trouble is that he looks, and is too prosperous, a wealthy race-horse owner, even though he is unlikely to defeat Dr Jagan on his own ground—i.e. in the sugar plantations.

What is now certain is that, unless the Jagan-Burnham factions are reconciled—which seems unthinkable—the two main parties will be about equally divided. This means that the Governor can decide the issue in favour of either party through the nominated members. This places him in a most untenable position—one, indeed, in which he ought never to be placed.

But, whatever may eventually happen within British Guiana, the results of the election will give food for thought outside the Colony. In London, it will be asked whether this fresh evidence of Dr Jagan's strength will affect the prospects of new capital entering British Guiana. Despite Dr Jagan's protestations—on his recent visit to England—that he would be prepared to give capital a square deal, there were few who believed that the leopard had changed its spots. Dr Jagan

ings of a new organization, the Shitline Kpoe.

The name means: "We stand firm".

Although government employees have been warned off the S.K., there are a number helping on the side, in its activities.

The Prime Minister hopes it: the elaborate gilt chairs, the stiff portraits of British royalty, the tea mist.

He shrugs it off—"It's a nice museum"—and stays on.

In Sir Charles Arden Clarke's

time as Governor, people just

walked up to the castle door,

Soon afterwards, the anti-government National Liberation Movement began to flourish. It remains a strong challenge to Nkrumah, who has been a notable absentee from the Ashanti for three years.

When northbound, he stopped at the Kumasi airfield two years ago, the field was heavily guarded.

The Ashanti is now the stronghold of the anti-government movement. But, neatly cracks in Nkrumah's once solid backing show in other parts. The other week, sixty-old coastal belt chiefs were invited to a sherry party at Christiansborg Castle. But they snubbed the Prime Minister with a message: "We are not in the mood to accept your kind invitation until conditions become normal."

**MORE STRESSES**

Nkrumah has never had much time for the chiefs. Now they have no time for him, even those who previously firmly supported him. To show how far they have moved against the government, they are wearing brown robes—a sign of mourning, and their way of showing how unhappy they are.

Facing so many stresses and strains, Kwame Nkrumah works closely with three men—the super-Cabinet. They are Rojo Botso, Minister of Commerce and Industry, and a close friend; Kiboi Edusei, touchy party fighter and now Minister of Communications; and Yeung Ko, Baniko, Ghana's Minister of Information.

But some people suggest that the Seer of Kan Kan should also be counted in the super-Cabinet.

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# ONE YEAR IN EVERY SEVEN THE RAINS FAIL IN THE ISLANDS.



- Drought and death go hand in hand in the islands of the Pacific.
- There have been many droughts, but one, above all others, lives in island legend . . . the drought that brought with it the Curse of Nakaa.
- That grim story is told in today's instalment of **RETURN TO THE ISLANDS**, by Sir Arthur Grimble, who spent 40 years as a Colonial Office administrator in the Gilbert and Ellice Islands.

**WHEN** the rains were regular on Baanaba (the native name for Ocean Island, in the Gilberts), no habitations of man could have been more beautifully bowered than ours in the dark green of forests, the starry white of lilies, the flung foam of scarlet and crimson petals.

But every seven or eight years there came a drought, and things were different then. There were no flowers anywhere after two rainless months. After six, the pawpaws and guavas, the custard apples and soursops were dead, the mangoes and wild almonds dying.

After twelve, half of the island's coconut palms stood headless, while those that lived on, their leaves burned rusty black, had been fruitless for many weeks. Then, even the mighty deep-rooted forest of calophyllum trees that covered the island's middle was stripped of its leaves.

Our 2,000 acres of phosphate and coral rock, left naked to the sun-blaze, lay flinging back the savage heat in a white-hot column to heaven.

## Not a drop on the island

THAT soaring shaft of refection stood like a pitiless sentinel on guard over the land. It was the barrier against which the rain-clouds beat and were divided.

The clouds would sweep towards the island, bringing a curtain of rain with them, but at the last moment they would scatter on either side of the island, spilling their torrents into the sea. Not a drop would fall on land.

# Nakaa! The story only one man dared tell

By Sir Arthur Grimble

In these droughts, whole families would go out in canoes to harvest the rain that fell at sea, using sun-shriven coconut palms as catchments to direct the rainwater into wooden bowls.

There was, too, one other source of supply: the water that stored itself in the grooves and caverns in the coral core of the island. To reach this supply women with torches would plunge into the muck of the abysses, squirming through miles of tunnels where there was often only room for the water-gatherer to lie on her back clawing at the rock above her face.

Each drought left its mark on the palm trees of the island

—a constriction of the trunk at the neck where the first fronds sprouted.

You could count six such cleftings in the stems of the oldest trees. That curdled you back 40 years or so—about two-thirds of a coconut's natural span. The record could go no further than that into the past, back from 1924 which happened because the seventh drought in the middle 1870's wiped out every palm in the island.

An uneasy silence would fall

upon the older villagers whenever one mentioned the great drought of the 1870's.

## The power of the curse

I OFTEN got the impression that some shared dread

constrained them never to talk of it. It was not until 1930, when I had known them for 10 years, that anyone told me of the horrors. It had

meant for them. It was old Eri, the native magistrate of Baanaba, who spoke of it then. Not that he had visited me expressly to do so, but his story sprang naturally from a pathetic request he had been deputed to make on behalf of the older villagers.

The British Phosphate Commissioners had recently asked for a 100-acre extension of their diggings, and a party of young men was heading the council of elders about the price to be demanded for the concession.

Eri came to me deeply disturbed. "Nobody will want to pay the young men's price for our dust," he put it, "and that will be the end of our hope of buying a better home than this for our grandchildren to inherit. So in the end, the curse of Nakaa will rest upon their heads also."

"The curse of Nakaa?" I echoed blankly—"What are you talking about, Eri?"

"About the great drought," he said, and then launched him on his story: "I was a young man then, and my parents, who lived in Uma village, had arranged for me to take a wife from Bunkonka.

"She was a girl named Marawa, very beautiful in my eyes, and we were to be married at the full of the fourth moon at the season of the Pleiades.

"But when the third moon went out, and for three months no rain had fallen, her father said to mine, 'You will need your son to fish for you and we shall need Marawa to fetch water for us now that a drought has set in.' And my father answered, 'Even so. Let there be no marriage until the rains return.'

"And then, after a long silence, 'In the middle of the third year, when the waterholes were nearly dry, word came from Bunkonka that Marawa's parents had died.'

"Things were a little better for us in Uma than in Bunkonka; Uma is by the sea; we had found seaweed to suck, and some said that this protected us against the sickness. But

"I turned my eyes to the beach; she was floating there, on the edge of the tide. She had drowned beside me, but at last I was able to kneel, and then remembered my mother. She was not beside me, I looked out to sea; she was not there.

"And on a day, I took my mother with me to a pool under the lee of certain rocks. We lay there our heads resting on wooden pillows which I had brought, and soon we fell asleep.

"Perhaps that made me particularly susceptible to whatever it was. Anyhow, I felt myself suddenly gripped as I sat by more than usually disturbing sense of that imminent something."

"It had never had any particular direction before, but now it seemed to impound from the runway. I was aware, also, of having to fight a definite dread of it this time instead of greeting it with a kind of incredulous expectancy."

"I sprang up, staring nervously out into the dark beyond the door. And then I noticed Smith. Hackles bristling, gums bare,

he was backing step by step away from the door, whimpering and trembling as he backed.

"A ship arrived—not long

after—a trading ship from New Zealand. The captain took my father and me, with most of the others who remained alive, to the island of Oahu near Honolulu. There we lived until my father died, six years later, and then I returned to this place, because I owned no land anywhere else."

"Others returned with me, but none of us has ever been happy here. And since the Kamabu (Company) came and began to pay us for our dust, we have hoped that, one day, it may buy all the rest together for a great price. With that money,

"The Government could buy a happier home for our children's children to dwell in. Help us in this, we beg you!"

"He sat in silence a full minute

staring over my shoulder into the past. Then he rose. "A

"home for our children's children not haunted by the ghosts of our 'unburied dead,' no whisper, more to himself than to me, and left without another word."

"There wasn't a clue in the darkness under the palms. I found nobody and nothing until my running feet brought me to the fringe of Utroa village; and there I heard a sound that stripped me of all my anger.

"It was the noise of women wailing and men chanting, mixed with the rhythmic thud-thud of heavy slaves on the ground. I couldn't mistake it.

"A Gilbertese bonkai ceremony was in full swing; some villager's departing soul was being ritually sped on its difficult road from earth to paradise. I knew then that my old friend Antera had not lasted the night."

"There was no talint on the air

of the house when I got back. I fell asleep untroubled by anything but my own sadness.

"But Smith stayed out on the beach, and I couldn't persuade him to remain indoors after dark for the few more days I spent

on Tabiteuea. The rest of the story is

George Murdoch's after I had told him of my feelings about the house, and Smith's queer behaviour, and the foetid smell someone had put across me.

District Officer's transit quarters on Tabiteuea, in the Central Gilberts.

This house was built by my predecessor, George Murdoch, in a grove of coconut palms 100 yards from the coast road. It was an airy but roomed shelter. I found it a cheerful place all through the daylight hours.

It changed, though, when darkness fell and the village slept. I couldn't pass a night there without being haunted by a thought that something was on the edge of happening.

Had this been all I should never have had the place pulled down. Not even the horrifying odour that visited me there one night would have sufficed of itself to drive me to that extreme.

It was what George himself said to me afterwards, when I told him how my dog had behaved, that set me looking for another site.

The dog was my terrier, Smith. He was lying in the draught of the roadside doorway one night, while I sat reading. I wasn't deeply absorbed, because I was worried about Antera, an old friend of mine, who lay ill in the village. I was sure he wouldn't last the night.

Perhaps that made me particularly susceptible to whatever it was. Anyhow, I felt myself suddenly gripped as I sat by more than usually disturbing sense of that imminent something.

It had never had any particular direction before, but now it seemed to impound from the runway. I was aware, also, of having to fight a definite dread of it this time instead of greeting it with a kind of incredulous expectancy.

I sprang up, staring nervously out into the dark beyond the door. And then I noticed Smith. Hackles bristling, gums bare,

he was backing step by step away from the door, whimpering and trembling as he backed.

**Turned tail and bolted**

"SMITH!" I called. He gave me one quick piteous look, turned tail, and bolted, yelping, as if I had kicked him, through the seaward door. I heard him begin to howl on the beach just as an unspeakable odour came sweeping into the room from the direction of the road.

There wasn't a clue in the darkness under the palms. I found nobody and nothing until my running feet brought me to the fringe of Utroa village; and there I heard a sound that stripped me of all my anger.

It was the noise of women wailing and men chanting, mixed with the rhythmic thud-thud of heavy slaves on the ground. I couldn't mistake it.

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(Continued on Page 7.)



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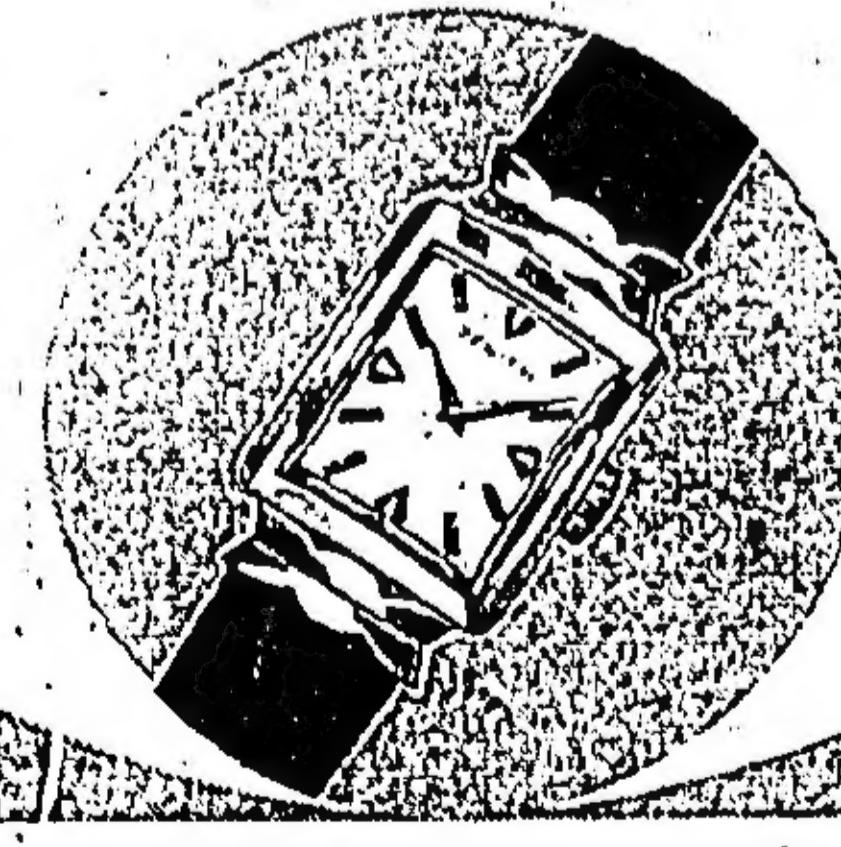
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OUR hearts were sore at that and my mother tried to comfort us, saying: "Patience. The drought will soon end."

"But it did not end; and even when the sun showed a full year gone we knew that it would not break yet, for the rainclouds at sea, from which we had contrived to collect water up to then, ceased to come near us. Then our council of elders issued an edict:

"From now on, let no household take more than one coconut shell of water a day from the caverns."

"So the water was made to last for another whole year. But long before the next solstice in the south our food trees were gone; not one stood living in the land."

"We had nothing but fish to eat, and the fish often stayed so far from our shores that for many days together there was

"This series is adapted from *Return to the Islands*, by Sir Arthur Grimble, to be published by John Murray.

"At her words, the strength came back to my legs. I made my way to the screen wall to Bunkonka. I came to the house of Marawa's father's brother. My heart told me, 'Now you will see her.' But alas! when I lifted the screen to enter, she was not there. Only her father's brother was within, and he was dead. And the dead were everywhere around me as I walked through the village to her father's house.

"I found her, with her parents. She had laid their bodies side by side, and herself at their feet. The sickness was heavy upon her.

"But she was still beautiful for me. I think she had been asleep before I entered; but when I lifted the screen she awoke and smiled at me, saying: 'I knew I should see you again; and tried to stay up for you back again.' Her eyes as I sat down beside her. Lying there, she smiled again and sighed very slow and deep. The smile stayed on her lips. She was dead.

"I laid her beside her mother, her feet towards the west. I lifted her head from behind between my hands and looked

"Curses and ghosts were the staple ingredients of island folklore. Almost every square yard was the lurking place of one fiend or another; you just had to take them as you found them."

According to the Islanders, pretty well every house built for the Government staff had its own special ghost. I had personal experience of only one; the strange affair at the

darkness under the palms. I found nobody and nothing until my running feet brought me to the fringe of Utroa village; and there I heard a sound that stripped me of all my anger.

It was the noise of women wailing and men chanting, mixed with the rhythmic thud-thud of heavy slaves on the ground. I couldn't mistake it.

A Gilbertese bonkai ceremony was in full swing; some villager's departing soul was being ritually sped on its difficult road from earth to paradise. I knew then that my old friend Antera had not lasted the night.

There was no talint on the air of the house when I got back. I fell asleep untroubled by anything but my own sadness.

But Smith stayed out on the beach, and I couldn't persuade him to remain indoors after dark for the few more days I spent

on Tabiteuea. The rest of the story is

George Murdoch's after I had told him of my feelings about the house, and Smith's queer behaviour, and the foetid smell someone had put across me.

## THEN COMES ORDEAL-BY-THIRST

# The ghost began a stampede in a jail



"So he's been making friends with you, has he?" said George and instead of answering when I asked what "old" might be to wear, on "From about the middle of Utira village to a bit north of the prison, that's his beat. 'Fy, he's' a stinking old nuisance. But mind you, there's no real harm in him."

"He," in short, according to George, was an absurd ghost known to all the villagers as "One Leg," whose habit for several months past it had been to walk—on, infatuated, hope—that particular stretch of Utira—every night of the year, without exception, scaring everybody who saw him go by.

George spoke of him with a sort of affectionate irritation as if he really existed. It was too ridiculous.

### The creature's harmless

"I heard nothing about him when I had the prison and the rest house built where they are," he said, "otherwise I might have chosen somewhere else." Or I might not. The creature's harmless.

"Anyway, there was I one dark night, when in from the roadway, crashed that stumbling thing and hit me like wall. Solid."

"You were right. That's what I said to myself as I fought my way through it to the door..."

"I admit the ungainly sadness of it going over my shoulder first. But I thought some son-of-a-gun was taking a ride out of me. So I dashed back into the house, snatched up a hurricane lamp and started running hell for leather towards the prison. The reck was as thick as a fog that way."

"I hadn't gone far, though, before I heard a patter and a rust from ahead, and a great ox of a 'pison guard came charging full tilt out of the darkness and threw himself at me, gibbering like a cockatoo. And I stumbled out of his clutches. I caught sight of something, caught One Leg who'd gone hop-hopping past him into the prison yard. Well...there was my clue. 'Is it One Leg that raised this stink?' I shouted. 'Yes,' he screamed back. 'One Leg...the ghost! I only stayed to call him a blanky fool, and bolted on."

### Whole crowd had gone mad

"WHEN I got near the prison gate something else had started. The whole crowd inside the lock-up had gone mad...raving mad...yelling their heads off...and the noise of them flinging themselves against the door was like thunder."

"I knew the padlock wouldn't last if that went on. I heard it crack like a pistol as I came up to the yard entrance and I was down under the feet of a maniac mob stampeding out into the bush."

"I picked myself up and made a bee-line for the lock-up, ran half way down the gangway between the beds, swinging my jump around, found not a soul there; emerged out again to Antera's house in the corner of the yard, 'n why, what's the matter now?'

I had sat bolt upright and exclaimed, "Antera?" When I repeated it, he said, "Yes, the head warden. Retired before

Down into the grottoes go the women of Baanab with their torches to look for pools of rain water.



your time, but he's still going strong in Utira. One of the few who never gave a damn for old One Leg."

"Would you believe it? He was sleeping like a baby when I got to him. Didn't hear a sound and said he couldn't smell a thing, though the place was still hummung. Hit to knock you down. But he got going quick enough when I told him the news. He and I hunted 'em bush for those poor Idols till the crack of dawn. Then came the word, though enough at mid-day...ah, but a prisoner named Arkitau, that's to say—and we had a fine paw-paw together round Antera's shack, waiting for him to turn up. That's

when I got all the dope about One Leg."

"They'd all seen him hopping up the gangway between the beds, so they claimed. There wasn't a light, but they'd seen him. Fiddle! I said to that, fiddle! Antera backed me."

"It was all very puzzling until somebody explained that One Leg only brought his sanity colour along for the particular friends of the deceased, and then, of course, it was as clear as mud."

"Which deceased? I wanted to know. 'Oh, anyone who dies within the limits of his beat,' says my clever friend—he turns it on as soon as the soul has left the body."

We sat silent a long time; then George said reflectively:

"What with this and that, I'm surprised you didn't hear of a friend's death in Utira after the old stinker put it across you."

I told him then of Antera.

"Well...well...think of that now," said George, "...and Antera an unbeliever! Kind of friendly, I call it. There never was any real harm in old One Leg."

He was furious when I had a new rest house built on the other side of the island. But he never would admit he'd been pulling my leg. And then again, what was that that scared my dog so?

NEXT WEEK: Fireworks quell a riot

### MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN



### JOHNNY HAZARD

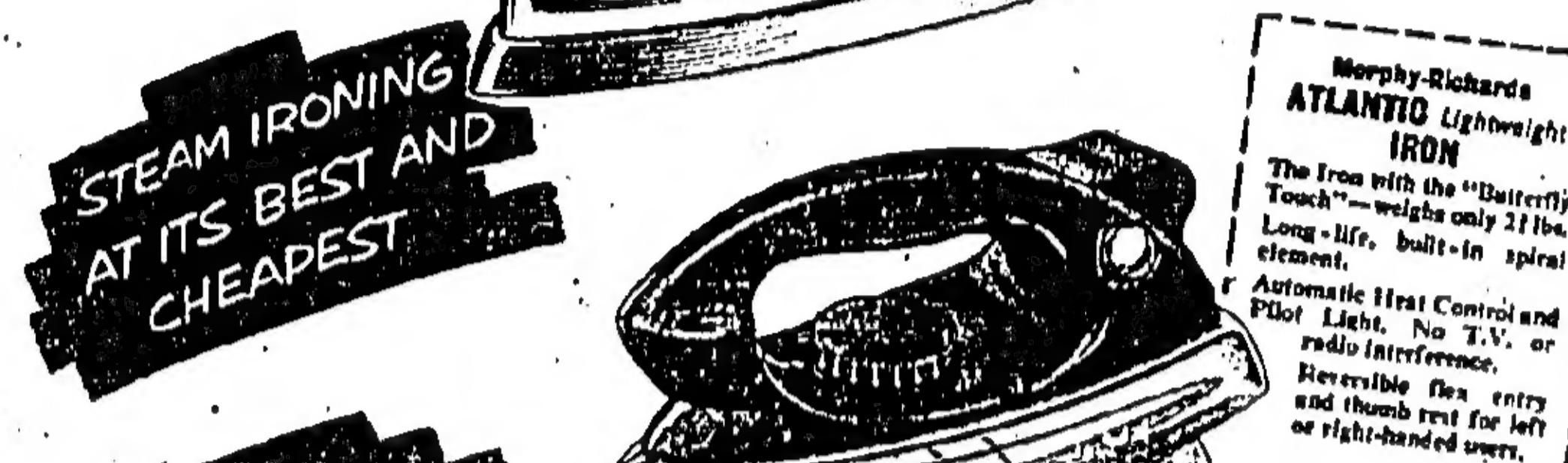
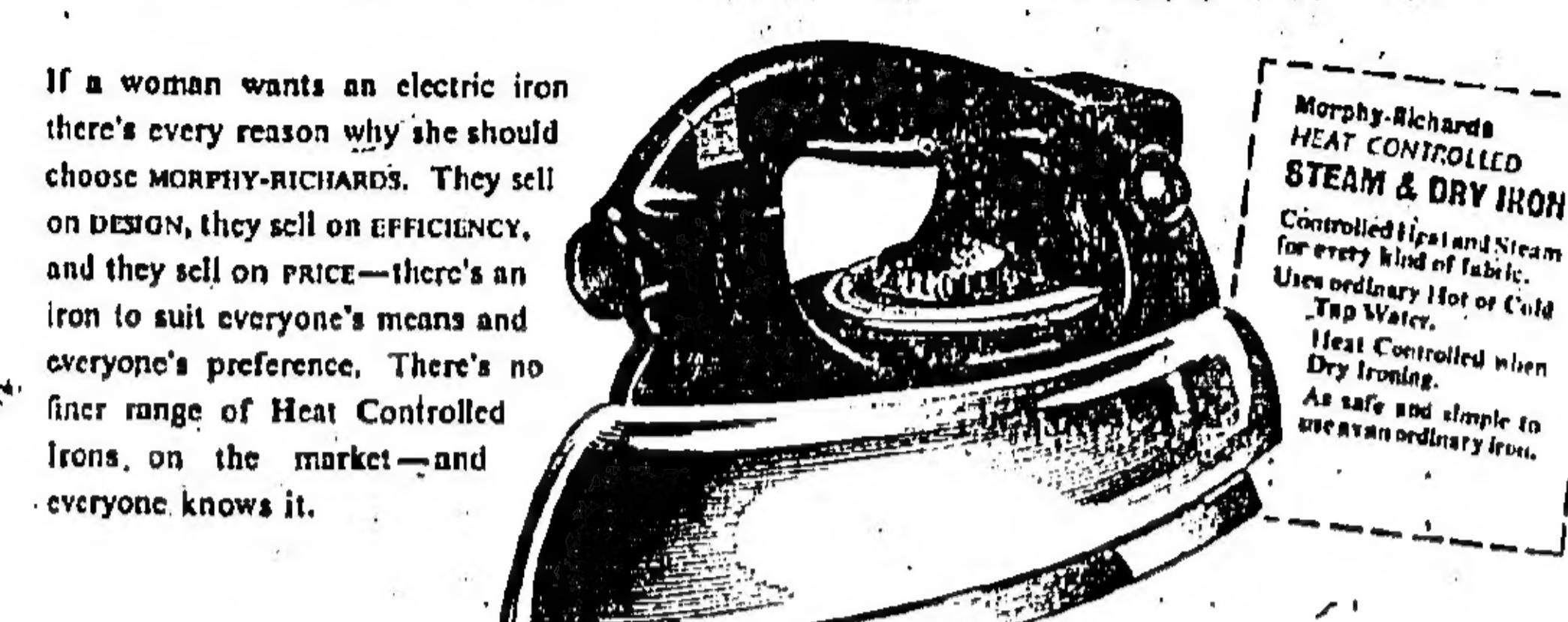


By Frank Robbins



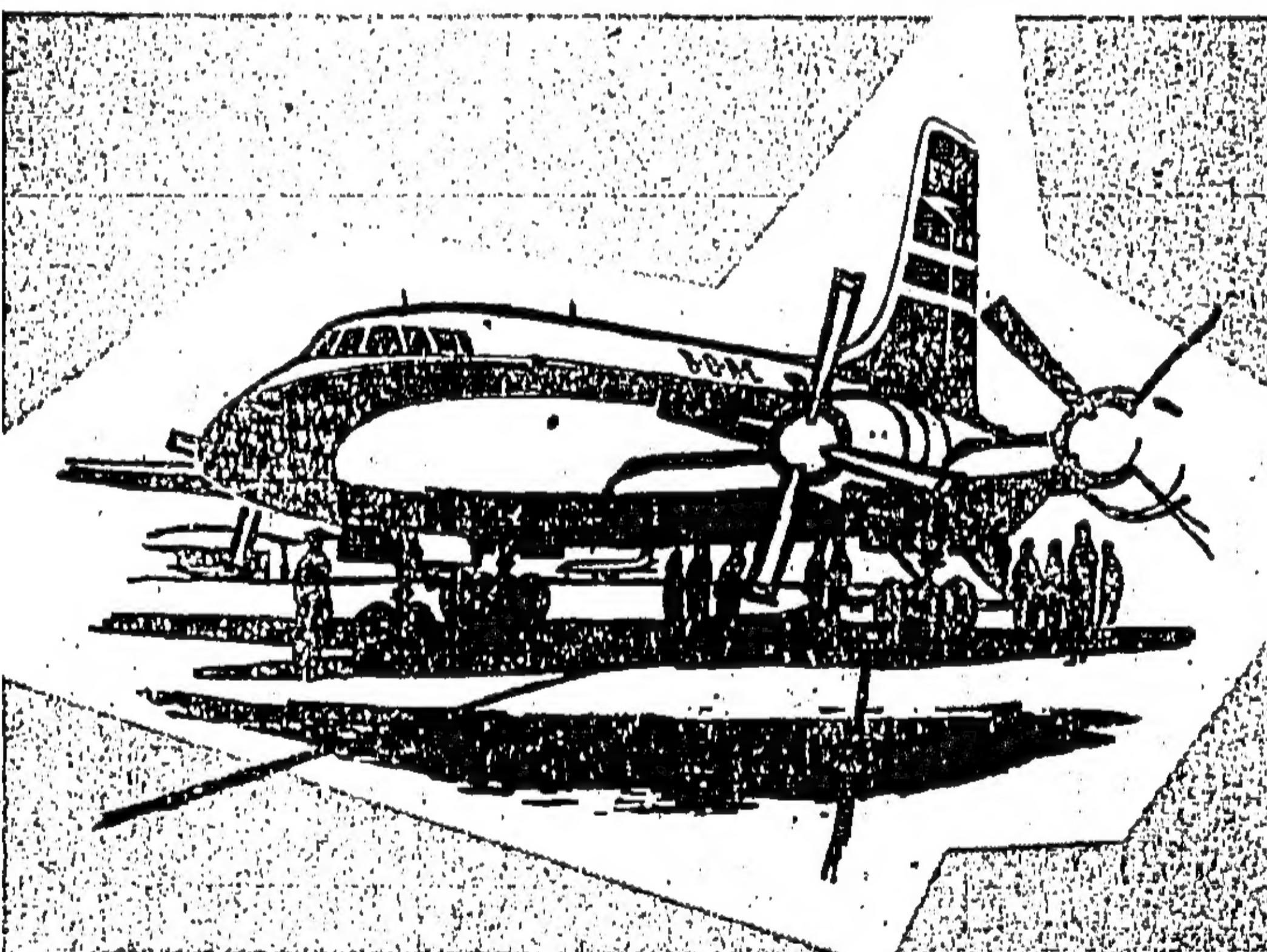
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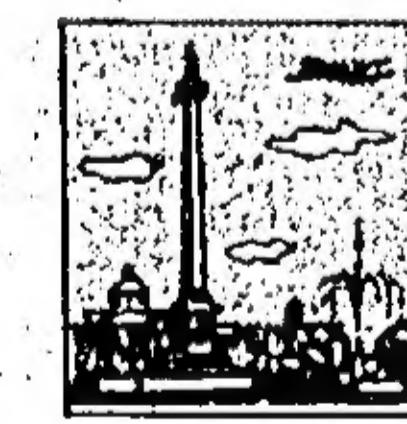


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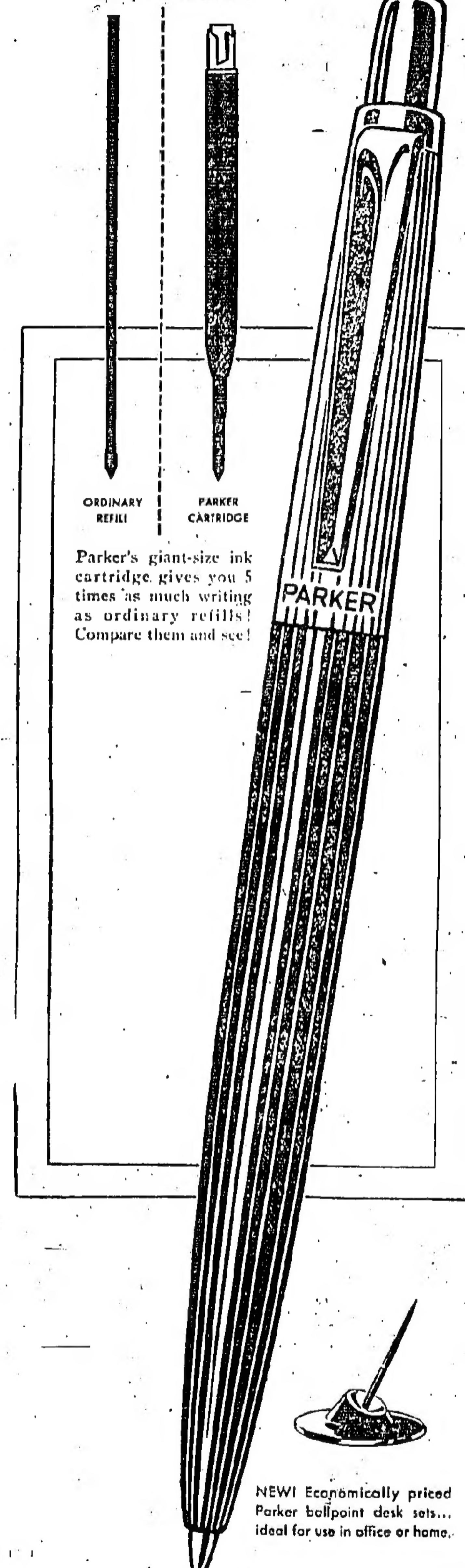


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Sylvia Ashley story... the Fairbanks chapter ends...



# WHAT SYLVIA SAID to MARY PICKFORD

WHEN Mary Pickford walked into the dining-room to meet Sylvia Ashley at that Hollywood party she was the focal point of all eyes. Not even their closest friends could speculate on the outcome of the meeting between these two purposeful women.

And so, with Douglas Fairbanks fidgeting nervously in the background, they came face to face: the girl born Gladys Smith, who grew up to become the World's Sweetheart, Mary Pickford, and marry Fairbanks—and Sylvia Ashley, the girl born Louie Hawkes, who grew up to steal Fairbanks from her.

It was a dramatic moment. Fairbanks introduced them: on his face a mask-like smile to cloak the uneasiness in his heart. "How do you do?" said Sylvia. "I'm so happy to meet you," said Mary. "May I get you something?" Sylvia asked. "A sandwich and a cup of tea would be delightful," said Mary.

## NERVOUS

WHILE Sylvia went away to fetch them, Mary turned to Fairbanks.

"You see, Douglas, it wasn't so terrible," said Fairbanks, his hands in his coat pockets, the coat pulled tightly around his small and misshapen hips, nodded miserably. He was very nervous.

When Sylvia returned, she half-smiled on a chair to be near Mary's height.

"I hear Pickfair is for sale," she said. "What a pity." Mary froze imperceptibly at the mention of the fabulous dream house she and Fairbanks had built.

"Pickfair has served its purpose," she said. "Somehow material things do not mean so much to me as once they did...."

\*

Sylvia was in London with Fairbanks when war broke out. Her sister Vera and the two children, Tim and Lauretta, were with them.

Fairbanks immediately packed them off to California, and followed himself in a couple of weeks.

**'I'M NOT FIT FOR THE JOB'** said the American President

THE CRISIS OF THE OLD ORDER, 1919-33. By Arthur M. Schlesinger, jun. Heinemann, 42s. 569 pages.

HOW fascinating are the studies by Americans of their recent political history, in comparison with the corresponding efforts in Britain. Here there still prevails a gentlemanly convention (possibly the result of our public school system) that politicians only accept office reluctantly from a sense of duty, and that such motives as ambition, greed, emulation, revenge or love of power play no part at all in public life.

This convention has affected the attitude of historians, so much so that any attempt to describe in sober and straightforward language the curious mixture of nitration and self-interest, idealism and shrewdness, which in fact actuate politicians, is apt to brand the author as a cynic or scandalmonger.

Not so in America. There political life is—and always has been—the life of the jungle. Politicians have seldom pretended otherwise even at the time, and accordingly historians feel under no obligation to soften in retrospect the rigours of the battle or to conceal the general skulduggery which goes on. Hence the interest of their books.

## None spared

Professor Arthur M. Schlesinger, jun., of Harvard admirably exemplifies this tradition in his excellent first volume of a series entitled *The Age of Roosevelt*.

It is clear, cogent, well-written, authoritative and spares nobody. His picture of the 12 years of Republican rule which form the theme of his book is a brilliant and terrifying one. The author is a well-known Liberal, and an admirer of Roosevelt, but his unfaltering portrait of the Republican regime cannot be regarded as unduly partisan. For what historian of honesty could fail to be unfaltering about that dreadful epoch?

These years saw one of the most disastrous experiments of modern democracy—the unchecked rule of business men, which ended in the greatest slump of all time.

• No Hollywood star ever played a more difficult role than that undertaken by Sylvia Ashley when she became Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, wife of the fabulous, swashbuckling character who was the world's most successful film actor.

• Sylvia carried off the part triumphantly. Hollywood was

the crowds back. Sylvia—weeping—was escorted by Douglas Fairbanks Jun.

It was all over.

## HIS FORTUNE

A LOT of people thought that Sylvia would never get over Fairbanks' death—but with that natural buoyancy of spirit which had saved her so often she was soon taking an active part in things again.

Nobody knew how much Fairbanks had left. In his heyday he had undoubtedly been worth between £3,000,000 and £4,000,000. But towards the close of his life the value of his holdings had depreciated disastrously.

Just how much was not evident until details of the estate were published...

Fairbanks' fortune amounted to only half a million pounds.

Under the terms of his will half of this went to—Sylvia. The rest was split up among Doug. Jun. and other relatives.

It was a complicated estate, which was obviously going to take a long time to settle.

Following settlement, Sylvia went to Los Angeles Superior Court in February 1940 and

That night Fairbanks lay there in his huge bed, his bulldog Marco Polo stretched out on the floor, nuzzling his outstretched hand.

Outside, in the hall, a night guard was on duty. Towards midnight Fairbanks asked for one of the windows to be opened so that he might hear the sea. The beach-house was wrapped in fog.

There was no sound to be heard, save for the rumble of the ocean on the beach and the occasional sound of a few nesting birds winging their way along the coast road.

At a quarter to one, while all was quiet, the dog howled agonisingly; an eerie, terrifying fog.

The nurse hurried into the room and bent over Fairbanks' bed. He was dead. And only his dog had seen him die.

They went to waken Sylvia, who was sleeping in the next room, and told her what had happened.

The court allowed her £750 a month.

Douglas Fairbanks Jun. and other beneficiaries considered this too much, and wanted the allowance cut to £250 a month, a long legal wrangle followed.

This resulted in a temporary cooling off in relations between Sylvia and Douglas Jun.

WASHER-UP

TO try to forget Fairbanks' death, Sylvia plunged into war relief and charity work.

With America in the war, she volunteered to work in any way she could, and claims to have washed up more cups in service canteens than any other woman.

She continued to be her bright, amusing self, and more than one young American soldier lost his heart to her.

But Sylvia was not interested. Not interested, that is, until 1943, when a darkly handsome young R.N.R.V.R. officer came into her life.

To Sylvia, lonely and unattached, Lord Stanley of Alderley looked very good.

She could not know that this was to prove the most disastrous attachment of all.

"Thirty-six years old, Stanley was a great lover of the sea."

He possessed three titles, and it was said that the beginning of the war found him so keen

captivated by her wit, her charm, her graciousness.

• But her most critical test was yet to come. There could be no evading it. Inevitably there came the day when she was face to face with the woman from whom she had won Fairbanks. The woman's name was Mary Pickford.

He joined up under all three... Lord Stanley in the Navy, Lord Shefield in the Army, and Lord Edisbury in the R.A.F. The Senior Service called him first.

Before the war he had gained a reputation as an active young Liberal peer.

In 1938 he had sold Alderley Park, his 4,000-acre family estate. The land had belonged to his family for 600 years, but the deaths of two heads of the family and his grandfather, Lord Shefield, in 1925 and his father, in 1931, brought demands in death duties which the estate could not carry.

But, the sale of the estate still did not make him a rich man.

OLD TIMES...

FEBRUARY 1940 saw the Empire Stork Club in New York being taken over by Lorele and William Randolph Hearst Jun. for a party in Sylvia's honour. Everyone said how adorable she looked: how amazingly young for a woman of 42.

It was just like old times. Old times...

Sitting there amid the plush and swank of that exclusive club, did she—one wonders, think back over the years, assessing her achievements in the light of what they had cost her?

By now the girl who once sang at her father's wedding

• with a wrangle in the courts over money

# Her wartime marriage to a handsome peer ends within a year

bed. He was dead. And only his dog had seen him die.

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At the end of the year they decided to get married. And in Boston, in January 1944, Sylvia became Lady Stanley of Alderley.

The problem of money was still a very real one to Lord Stanley—for it was quite obvious that Sylvia would hardly be content to live on his £10-a-week pay.

Indeed she was not.

A few days after the wedding Sylvia opened a joint banking account with him, on which she authorised Stanley to draw for the expenses of both.

However, the marriage was a disaster from the start. They just did not get along.

In May 1944 Stanley returned to England. Sylvia followed in September.

They both checked into the Ritz Hotel.

Two months later—after a heated argument—Stanley walked out of the hotel. He did not go back.

And that, indeed, might have been the end of that. But Sylvia, determined that Stanley should repay what she had lent him in the United States, took him to court in 1946—claiming £3,683 17s. 7d., which she alleged she lent to him or paid on his behalf.

In court Stanley insisted that the joint banking account was penniless...

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# WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

## Men are so awful in boats —but I'll sail again

Says ANNE SCOTT-JAMES

**T**HE only time in my life when I did a lot of sailing was 20 years ago, for when I was in love with a young man with a boat! It all the cooking and chores was a great relief to me when I fell out of love with him and switched to a young man with a nice little car.

I used to be sick when it was rough, and impatient when it was calm, and cold and cross when we got stuck on sandbanks.

The other thing I have against sailing is that men become so awful when they're in charge of a boat.

I have been sworn at by men who are gentle to a fault in ordinary life... shouted at by timid intellectuals... bawled at by bossy mariners who wouldn't say boo to the office boy on dry land.



But I can see I've got to take to the sea again. Because sailing is becoming such a fashionable sport that I shall be left by the tide if I can't do it.

I must admit that a sailing boat is such a delicious sight, and seasickness pills have reached such a peak of efficiency, that I want to have a go again. Even I can see great points in favour.

Sailing is heaven for children. It makes them feel adventurous and useful, there is the thrill of the occasional fright, and the exhilarating sense of accomplishment as each new piece of technique is learned.

Sailing, even in rough weather when you have to work hard, is the most relaxing thing in the world. A boat isn't useful or commercial, or anything to do with your working life. It's there purely for your pleasure.

\* Gollancz, 13s. 6d.

### WATCH THOSE EYEBROWS



WHAT d'you remember about a beautiful face? Quite often it's the eyebrows. When I think of Garbo it's her high-arched brows that stick in my mind. Elizabeth Taylor? Those shaggy brows, almost like a man's. The Duchesses of Argyll? Those very black brows, low and level.



Eyebrows can be a beautiful feature and as revealing as a signature. Experts say that a well-defined arch is a sign of a romantic, feminine nature, that brows that nearly meet are deceitful, that dark, intense brows are passionate, red brows ambitious, and straggly brows lazy and weak. Which has probably a germ of truth.

To improve the brows is one of the easiest beauty tricks. Choose the ideal brow line for your face, pluck the brows as near that shape as possible, and do the rest with a pencil. Don't be afraid to add as much as you need. Everybody does it.

For most faces keep the arch exactly centred over the eyes. Always pluck from underneath only.

### JUST ADD SOME LEMONADE

By ALICE DENHOFF

IT'S easy to be a summer-time hostess for while appetites may be capricious they are easily satisfied and light food is the order of the day. Then, too, there are ever so many conveniences to make cooking easy, such as delicious frozen lemonade concentrate. Add it to various cake mixes, and you have the makings of some delightful refreshments.

For salsas, easy-to-do cupcakes combine 1/4 c. frozen lemonade concentrate, thawed,

1/2 c. confectioners' sugar, 3 tbsps. butter, blending well. Spread on top and sides of 18 1/4 in. cupcakes made from your favourite cake mix. Roll cakes in 1 c. flaked coconut.

For a super special lemonade, so easy to do, combine 6-oz. tin of the lemonade concentrate and 2 (12-oz.) tins apricot nectar, stirring until concentrate is dissolved. Makes about 1 qt. of refreshing beverage.

When the thermometer is having decently and you want to make a cake for that special

guest, here's one, Sun-Puff Cake, that should prove a hit. To make a 10-in. cake, take a 6-oz. tin of the frozen lemonade concentrate.

Combine with 1 c. sugar, 2 eggs, white and 1/4 cup salt, beating thoroughly. Cook over hot water, beating constantly with rotary beater on electric mixer, until mixture forms soft peaks about 10 min.

Add 1/2 c. prepared marshmallow cream. Beat until mixture stands in peaks, about 2-3 min. Frost top and sides of a 10-in. angel food cake. Then, watch it disappear!

### AUTUMN 1957... AND THIS IS THE SILHOUETTE I GO FOR

Not a sack dress... not a tight-fitted dress... but a line which just indicates the body.

But (although she would hate me for saying so) she is actually funny and extremely readable. You fly through the pages, as though you were reading a thriller, waiting for the next family skeleton to fall out of the cupboard.

• The clothes — jeans, sweaters, and oilskins — the most comfortable of any sports gear. (Think of the time it takes to dress for skiing, or to struggle into riding breeches.)

• Sailing isn't a millionaire's sport. You can do it modestly. A good club dinghy costs £150 to £200, a small cruising boat is cheaper than a car, and thousands of people now build their own boats for much less.

You can also cut your living costs for holidays and weekends, as, if your boat is big enough, you sleep in it, and if it isn't you can take tents, or use the cheap bed-and-breakfast terms which most yacht clubs offer.

As you can see, the children have been getting at me. They've even taken me to a local regatta.

I have an ugly feeling that this may be the last summer when I shall sleep in a well-sprung bed.

Next sailing season, I'll be curling up in a something bunk.

• • •

A new book by almost my favourite modern author has just come out — *A Father and His Fate*, by I. Compton-Burnett.

I can't understand why Miss Compton-Burnett's books, which are highly esteemed in a small

town like mine.

You may find Miss Compton-Burnett's family dialogues too astringent for you to swallow. But, like fresh lemon juice, once you've acquired the taste, you become an addict.

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Many clever children talk with exactly this unconscious irony.

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And there are some children talking in the nursery.

"Was uncle like a man with a mistress in history?"

"Yes," said Francis; "but when it is not in history, it seems to be different."

"And the man who was a father was the same?"

"Yes," said Alice; "but when the mistress is Aunt Miranda, it seems more different still."

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"Yes," said Francis; "but when it is not in history, it seems to be different."

"And the man who was a father was the same?"

"Yes," said Alice; "but when the mistress is Aunt Miranda, it seems more different still."

Many clever children talk with exactly this unconscious irony.

You may find Miss Compton-Burnett's family dialogues too astringent for you to swallow. But, like fresh lemon juice, once you've acquired the taste, you become an addict.

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In Sir Harry Wunderley's tour of hospitals he is seen with three directors of the Tung Wah group... from left: Messrs Y. W. Fong, C. H. Cheung, and Wilson Wang.

LEFT: Two of this page's favourite people, Miss Cator of the Royal Netherlands Consulate-General, and Sir Shouson Chow at a cocktail party on Korea's National Day. (Staff Photographers)



"Farewell Hongkong"... Katharine Dunham says it in a chongsam as she waits at Kai Tak for a plane taking her off to Manila. (Staff Photographer)



Visitors that you may have seen at the Repulse Bay Hotel... "Daddy Longlegs" and a very pretty daughter, Ava Astaire. BELOW: Mrs Kohlscheen opens Kwong Fat Cheong's new showroom.



LEFT: Village elders in ceremonial jackets assist Mr K. M. A. Barnett to open a Buddhist ritual celebration to raise funds for Pok Oi Hospital. (Staff Photographer)



ABOVE: A line-up of film faces, and each one has a ribbon to cut to start off the charity performance at Laihikok Park organised by the Tung Wah Hospitals.

ABOVE RIGHT: Sir John Teesdale, Australian wheat board chairman, and Lady Teesdale are seen off at Kai Tak by Mr and Mrs C. F. Sun.



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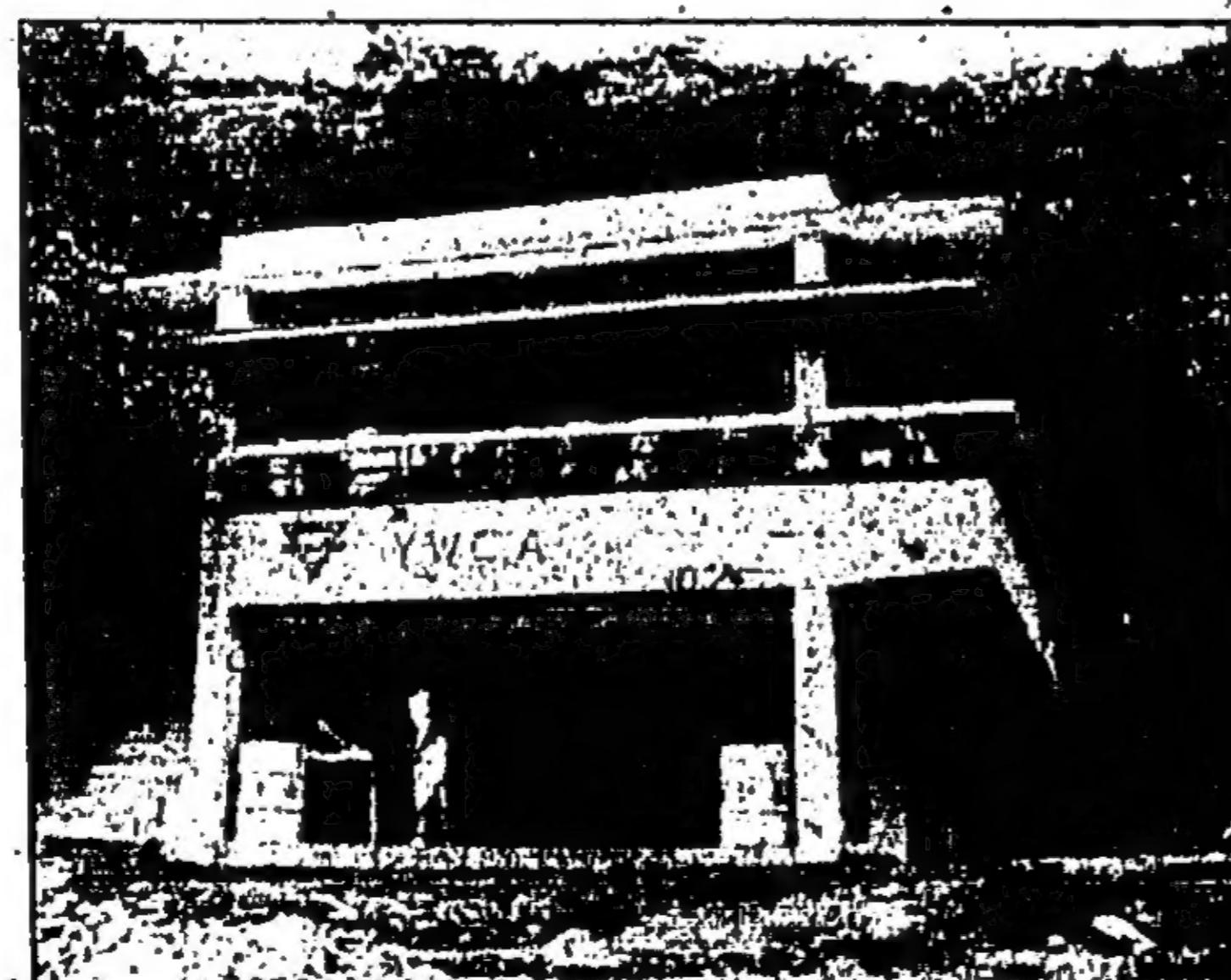


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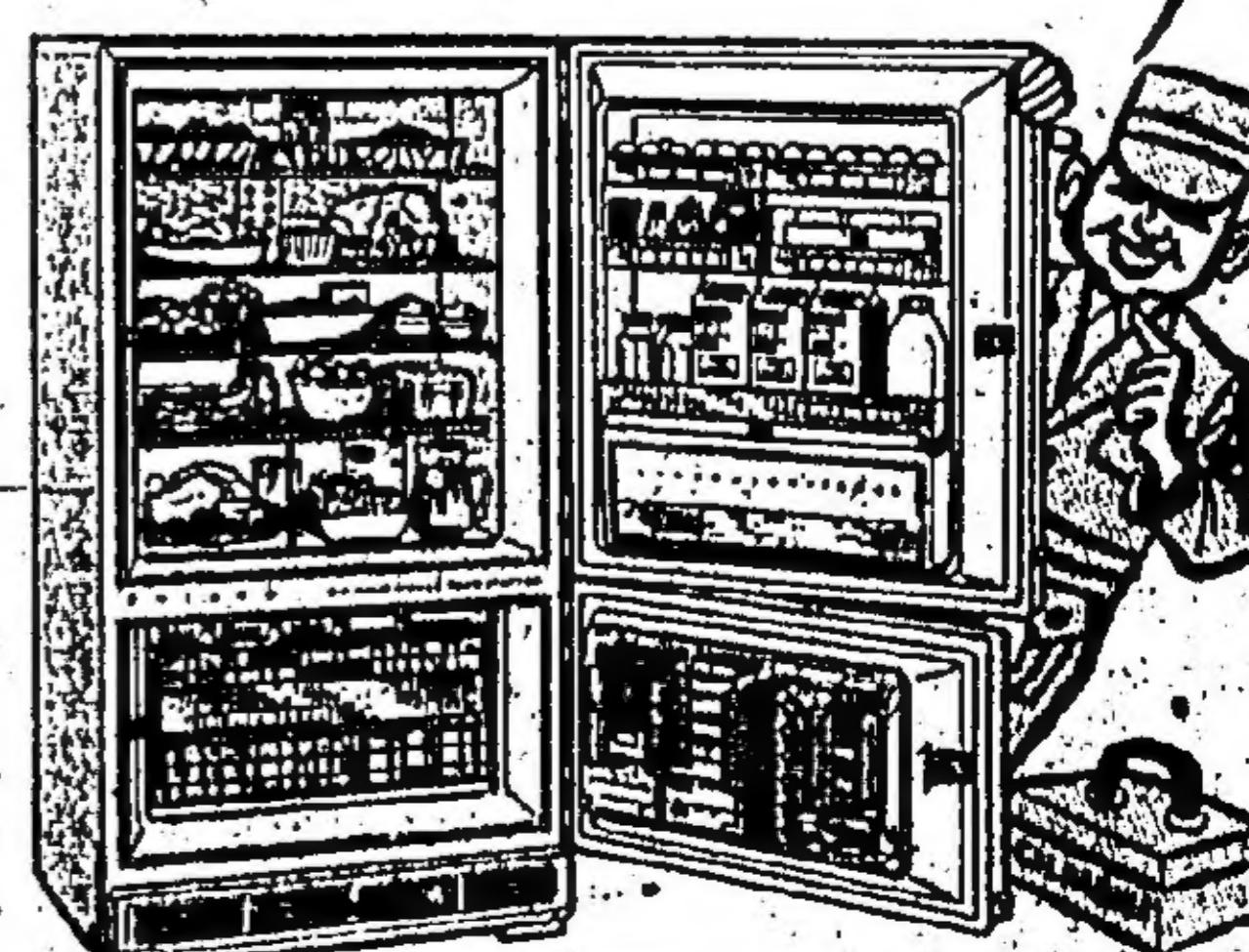
ABOVE: New swimming shed for the YMCA at South Bay is opened.

RIGHT: New Chinese Recreation Club is begun. At a ceremony to lay the foundation stone, from left: Lady Man-kam Lo, Mr F. K. Lau, Mrs Lau, and the Hon. Sir Man-kam. (Staff Photographers)



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Something a bit frightening about a lot of pretty girls in a crowd. This lot, above and left, are 30 Hongkong beauties chosen to model London fashions in October in aid of the SPC. RIGHT: Almost back in circulation again—the new Po Hing Theatre.



Rehearsal for next Wednesday when Jan Lulu and Fung will perform this Cossack dance at the King's Theatre in aid of SPC and SPCA. There will be two matinee performances of the ballet—"La Boutique Fantasque."

LEFT: Members of the US Navy wait to make donations in a bank that underwrites Hongkong health.

BELOW: Thanks, with a smile. And there goes another pint into the Queen Mary blood bank.

Staff Photographer



BUSINESS BIRTHDAY . . . 56 candles for Mr. G. M. Hughes are a good reason to urge the firm's insurance salesmen into an extra effort.

AND THE OTHER KIND OF PARTY . . . (right) children in their best bib and tucker on the floor at Union Church Hall, Kennedy Road.



Little boy at Laichikok Hospital had his medicine put on to imitate a clown in Peking Opera finds an audience one morning, when his usual doctor is joined by . . . Sir Alexander Grantham, Matron McGibbon, Dr. the Hon. G. Graham-Cumming, and Dr C. R. Forrest on ward rounds.

Staff Photographer



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Hongkong was host and Japan dominated a three-day fencing carnival that ended on Wednesday with the Epee. (above). Right—Japanese and Hongkong fencers together.

(Staff Photographers)

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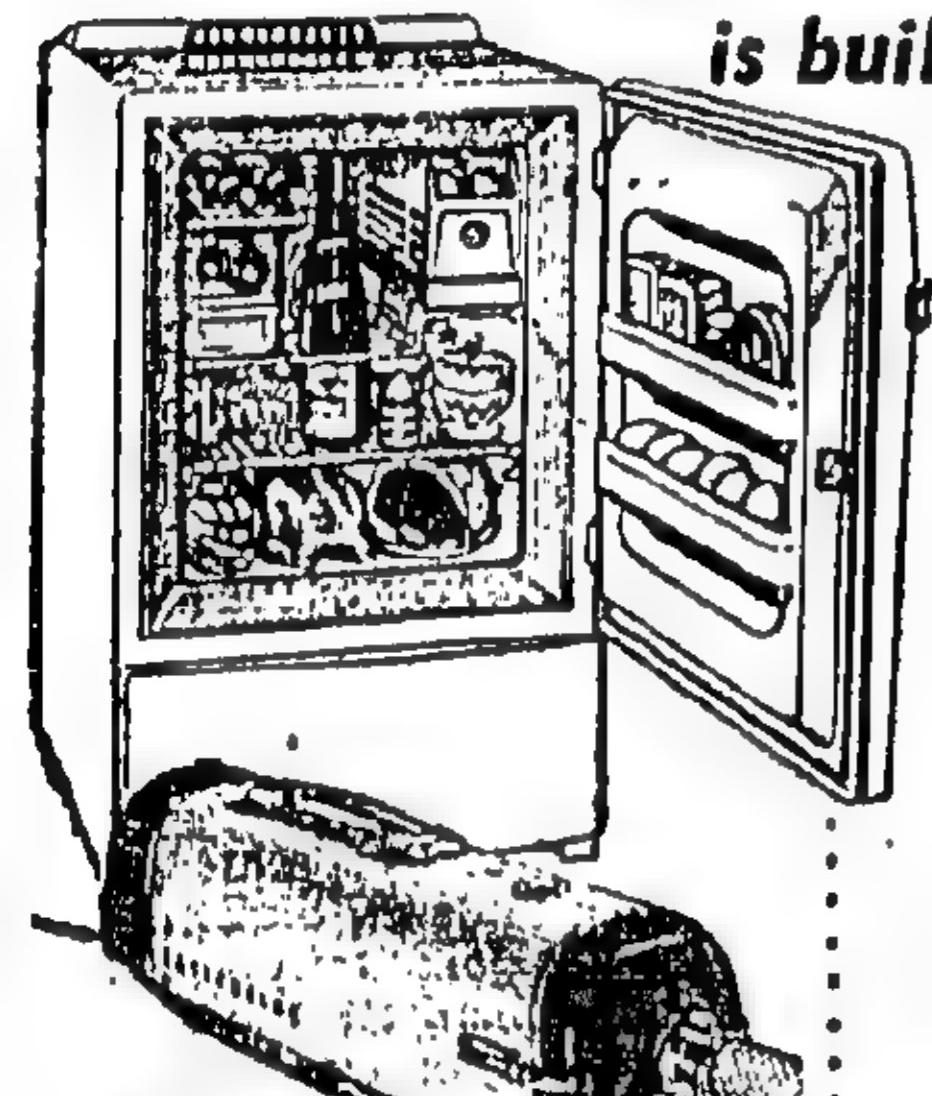
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*records***"PHILIPS" 12" POPULAR LONG PLAYING RECORDS.**

B 08107 L Hampton and the Old-World.

Cle de la doff! It's a long long way to Tepperry; La vie en rose; Toen enzg Mop; Tire l'ouïe! La la la! Sario Marais; Vlens sul mar; Le prisonier de Nantes; Die Lorelle; I kiss you little hand, Madame; Zeg kwezeiken wildt gij dansen; Londonderry Air; Lionel Hampton and his Rhythm.

B 08108 L European Evergreens in Swingtime.

Iste di Capri; Red sails in the sunset; Ack Varmeland to Skonn; I kiss your little hand, Madame; We're do, we're like; Vlens sul mar; Roll along-covered wagon; Tipiti; Nederland; Pariser d'moisie; Maril; La paloma; Mariland; J'attendrai; Johannes Fehring and his dance orchestra.

B 08200 L Jax from Sweden.

Straight Talk Coquette; There'll never be another you; Yesterday; In a little Spanish Town; Body and Soul; Please don't talk about me when I'm gone; I've found a new Baby; Blue and Misty; Staffan Staledräng.

B 10171 L Continental Juke Box No. 4.

Dungaree Doll (The Bee Bee Sisters); Worm-eaten (Svend Asmussen); Bocca De Riva (Lina Lanci); The Cuckoo Wotz (Ove Sopp); Vino Vino (John Paris); Piccolino (Amy Colgon); Malagueña (Trio Los Paraguayos); Gelsomina (Michel Logrand); The Great Pretender (Bert Visser); The Tender Trap (Patti Lewis); Le Piano du Patachou (River Song (Willy Berling).

B 10700 L Joyce Grenfell requests the pleasure.

Welcome; The music's message; Mrs Mendelsohn; Understanding brothers; Three brothers; Palais dancers; Ordinary mornin'; Shirley's girl friend; Folk song; Song my mother taught me; Hostess; Farewell; Joyce Grenfell with orch. under the dir. of William Blesard.

B 10703-L Noel Coward's "After the Ball".

Vanessa Lee, Peter Craven, Graham Payn, Dennis Bowen, Tom Gill, Mary Ellis, Irene Browne, Patricia, Cree Orch. under Phillip Martell.

B 10711 L Show Tunes.

Survey with the fringe on top; Some enchanted evening; I got the sun in the morning; People will say we're in love; And this is my beloved; Hernando's hideway; So in love; Hey there; I have dreamed; If I loved you; Stronger in paradise; Bewitched; Bill McGuire, piano with rhythm accom.

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**PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT****LACE AND LINEN MOTIF TABLE CLOTH**

**MATERIALS:** Cotton Chenille Mercer-Crochet No. 40 (20 grm.), 29 balls selected colour. 3½ yd. (4 m. 85 cm.) Linen, 30 in. (76.5 cm.) wide to match. Millwards Steel Crochet Hook No. 4. (Slack workers could use a No. 4½ hook and tight workers a No. 3½).

**TENSION:** Size of motif = 1 in. (2.5 cm.) square.

**MEASUREMENTS:** One crochet square = 1 in. (12.7 cm.). 5 motifs × 5 motifs = 75 in. × 95 in. (190.5 cm. × 241 cm.).

**ABBREVIATIONS:** ch—chain; ss — slipstitch; dc — double crochet; hlf tr — half treble; tr — treble.

**DIRECTIONS****Crochet Square (Make 143)****First Motif**

Commence with 6 ch, join with a ss to form a ring.

1st Row: 8 dc into ring, 1 ss into first dc.

2nd Row: 1 dc into same place as last ss, (12 ch, 1 dc into each of next 2 dc) 3 times, 12 ch, 1 dc into next dc, 1 ss into first dc. Fasten off.

**Second Motif**

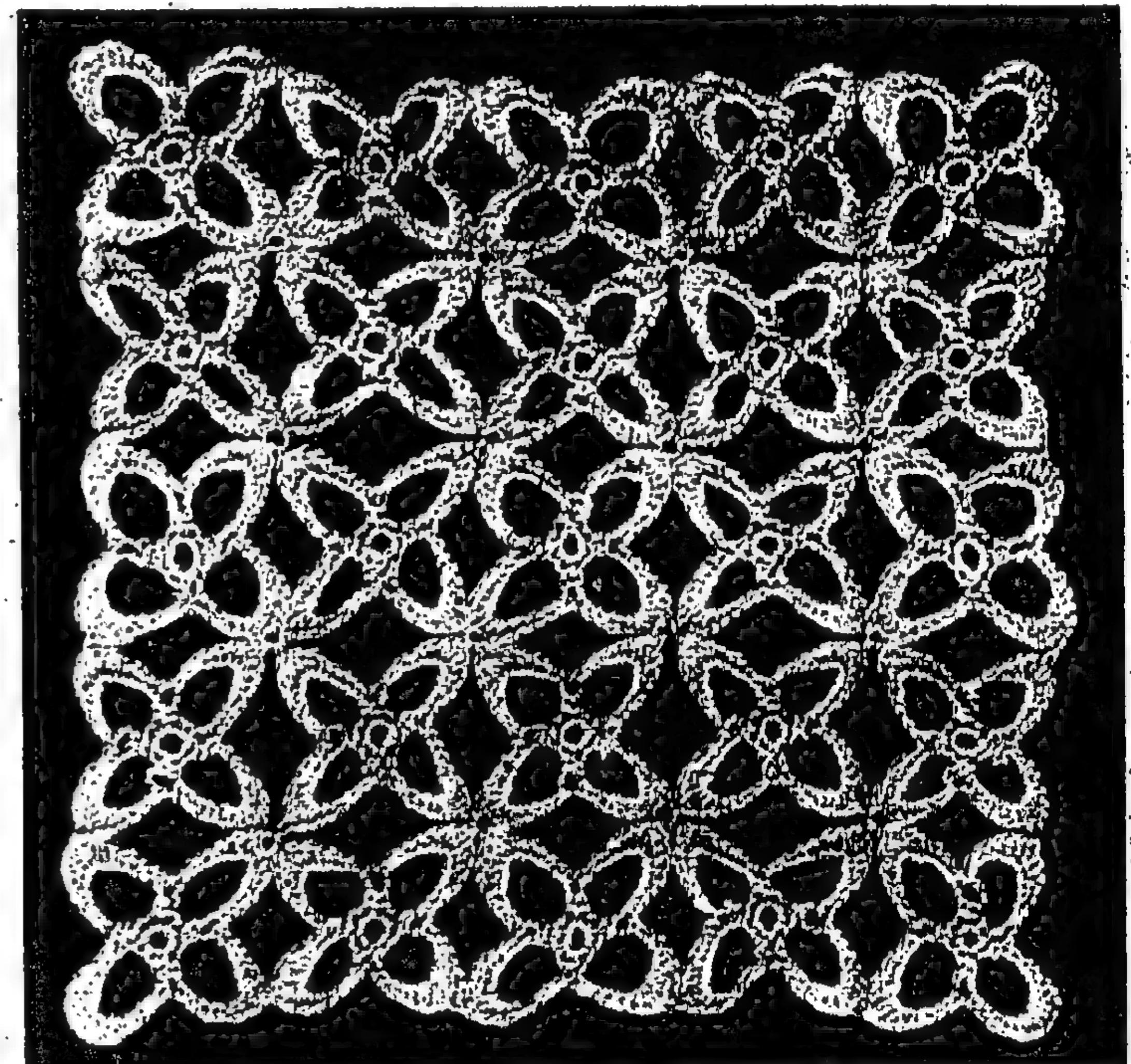
Work as for first motif until 2 rows have been completed.

3rd Row: Into first loop work 3 dc 2 hlf tr 3 tr, 1 ss into 3rd tr of corresponding loop on first motif, work 3 tr 2 hlf tr and 3 dc into same loop on second motif. Complete row, joining next loop to corresponding loop on first motif.

Make 5 rows of 5 motifs, joining adjacent sides as second motif was joined to first motif (where 4 corners meet). Join 3rd and 4th corners to joining of previous 3 corners. Pin out to measurements.

Cut 142 squares of linen, each 5½ in. (14 cm.) or ½ in. (1.3 cm.) larger than crocheted square. Work in this manner, alternating strips, until 15 strips have been joined.

Damp and press.

**NEW DESSERT RECIPES FROM IDA BAILEY ALLEN****Fashionable "Chiffons"**

"WELCOME to the test kitchen Fashion Parade, Madame," said the Chef. "This afternoon we are modelling chiffons — food-fashion of the season."

"Glad I'm wearing my new chiffon dress, Chef," I replied. "Perhaps you'll let me emcee the show."

"Unfortunately, Madame, that would be impossible. This is a surprise; and besides, you have not learned the lines. So relax and enjoy the treat of the season."

**TO MAKE UP**

Join fronts to back at shoulders and upper arms. Press on wrong side, under arm, and side seams. Fold white edgings of sleeves in half, white edgings of front in half, and hem down on wrong side. Tack, and then slip st. on wrong side a narrow hem (2 rows) on white edges of fronts press these edges. Tack, and then back st., one edge of white edging around lower edge of jacket; fold in half, and hem down on wrong side. Press this hem well. Pin, and then sew zip fastener to fronts. Fold collar in half, right sides tog, and join shaped ends.

Turn right side out, and press well. Pin, and then st. cast on edge of collar to jacket, casting in neck to fit collar. Hem down cast off edge of collar to jacket, on wrong side. Give final press.

To vary this dessert, instead of making pies, use the chiffon filling as a moulded dessert. For example, to make a lemon-banana chiffon mould, fold in two thin-sliced bananas.

"These desserts look gorgeous, Chef," I said. "I can't wait to taste-test them."

"Delicious, ne'ever past! And they were all made with the new

quick and easy lemon or strawberry chiffon pie filling as a foundation."

**Basic Recipe for Chiffon Filling**

Place contents of 1 pkg. lemon or strawberry chiffon filling in a large, deep mixing bowl. Mix in ½ c. boiling water. Add ½ c. cold water. Beat vigorously 1 to 1½ min. with a rotary beater or high-speed electric mixer.

When very foamy add 1/3 c. sugar; beat 2 or 3 min., or until the filling stands in peaks and is nearly twice the original bulk.

Spoon into a baked pie crust shell. Refrigerate 2 hrs., or until firm. Spread with whipped cream or dairy sour cream; dust with coconut flakes, chopped nuts or fine cake crumbs; or stud with blueberries, raspberries, sliced sweet cherries or strawberries rolled in sugar.

To vary this dessert, instead of making pies, use the chiffon filling as a moulded dessert.

For example, to make a lemon-banana chiffon mould, fold in two thin-sliced bananas.

Place in custard cups and stir-fry until firm. Turn out and top with blueberry compote for that high-style mousse touch!

For a rosy cream whip, use strawberry chiffon filling as a base. Fold in ½ c. dairy sour cream, spooned in, part by part, alternately with sliced sugared strawberries. Refrigerate 2 hrs. Top with dairy sour cream, a strawberry and a sprig of mint.

**Dinner**

Anchovy Celery Slaw Saladette Quick Chicken Fricassee

Spanish Rice

'Green' Bean-Corn Succotash

Lemon-Banana Chiffon Mould

Blueberry Compote

Hot or Iced Coffee or Tea Milk

Qualek Chelekes Fricassée Wash, drain and portion 2 (2½ lb.) frying chickens.

Cook with a mixture of ½ c. flour, ½ tsp. monosodium glutamate, 1½ tsp. salt and ½ tsp. powdered thyme. Slow-brown in 3 tbsp. fat.

Add 1 c. each sliced celery, sliced mild onion, thin-sliced carrots, and 2 crushed beef bouillon cubes. Sauté in 3 c. boiling water. Cover; simmer 45 min., or until fork-tender. Sauté occasionally.

**Trick of the Chef**

Season asparagus with a little rosemary.

# "WHAT CAN HE BE that man in the sea?"

asks ROBERT PITMAN

WHILE the summer crowds come flapping over the sand by your deck chair, I offer you a beach-game which you can play in spite of everything. Lie back and relax.

And have a shot at the game which the psychologists play all the year round, The Personality Game.

Here are the rules. Look at that is no important. If you play the Personality Game who is keeping so paintfully across the string at the water's edge. What do you know about his character, his temperament? You may say that you have never seen him before. But

that is not important. If you play the Personality Game you will soon know a lot about him.

Note his thin, long legs. Note his long neck, his slender shoulders, his narrow chest,

And, when he picks his way back up the beach, take a careful look at his head and face.

## ASTHENIC

His hair is thick and coarse. His thick eyebrows will glisten with water. His nose is quite prominent although his face is thin. And his forehead is relatively high. He is what psychologist is call the ASTHENIC MAN (from the Greek for "slender").

And the psychologists have fixed his range of temperament fairly exactly. At one end of the scale, he might be extremely shy and sensitive. At the other, also, inhuman, calculating. At any event the Asthenic Man will always have a love of logic—although in politics that love will not extend to compromise. For the Asthenic will often be an idealist and sometimes a fanatic.

Who are the Asthenics? Well, they include T. S. Eliot, Somerset Maugham, Bertrand Russell, John Foster Dulles, Lord Salisbury, and the Red Dean, Hewlett Johnson.

Now look along the beach again. Look for Type No. 2. Look, for example, at that stocky man who is roaring with mock-terror as his children splash him. As with the

## NOW—WHICH ARE YOU?

- 1 Which of these sets of words do you find most interesting to repeat?  
(a) Life, knife, fork, table, white, wine, play.  
(b) Grey, mind, furnace, steel, factory, heat, year.  
(c) Beat, blow, night, bear, heat, knight, bare.

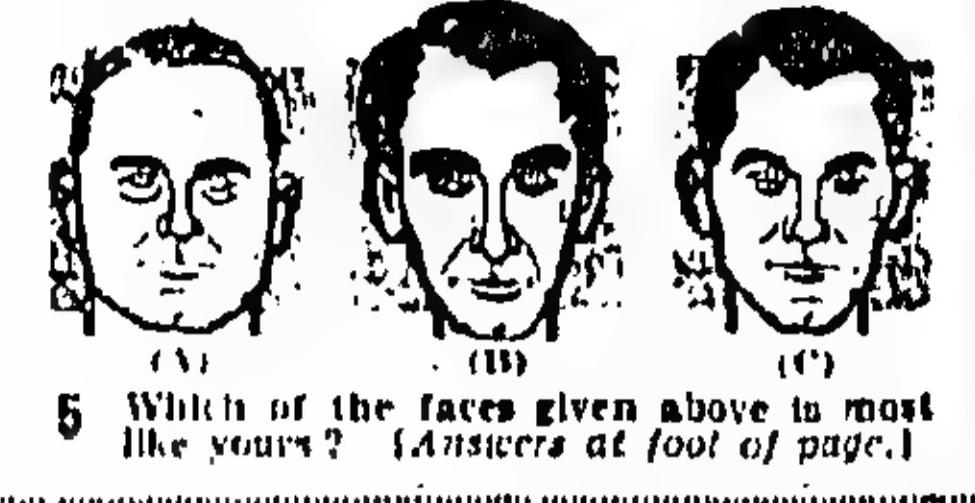
### 2 How do you walk?

- (a) With an easy, swinging step and your head thrust forward.
- (b) Jerkily, with varying pace.
- (c) With measured step, without swinging your arms.

- 3 What attracts you most about a painting?  
(a) The colours, (b) the design, (c) The general effect.

- 4 Which describes your handwriting best?  
(a) Slabbing, large, with marked contrast of strokes.  
(b) Jittery, uneven.  
(c) Neat, with letters of even height.

5 Which of the faces given above is most like yours? (Answers at foot of page.)



Asthenic Man his shoulders are not particularly broad. But his neck is short and thick. His body is podgy and his legs and arms are short.

If he comes close enough for you to see his hands, you will notice that they are broad and soft, finely shaped. His face is broad too and square, and he probably is sun-browned. His hair is going very thin.

## PYKNIC

He is the PYKNIC MAN from the Greek for "thick". In some cases the Pyknic Man is slow and dull. But usually he is good mixer, a great talker, a man who is impulsive and full of glee—although in politics that love will not extend to compromise. For the Pyknic will often be an idealist and sometimes a fanatic.

Among the Pyknic Men are Sir Winston Churchill, Ernest Hemingway, Al Read, Krushchev, Averilyn Bevan.

They finally take a glance at Type No. 3. There he is, with cricket bat in hand, in front of an improvised wicket on the pobbles. Which is not entirely a coincidence, for he is what

the psychologists call the ATHLETIC MAN. But don't be misled by the name. The Athletic Man is not always an athlete. And a great many athletes are no, in the Athletic Class. (Cool, calculating, long-distance runner—e.g., Bannister, Price—are often typical features of As he is tall, he is slim.)

The Athletic Man is usually tall. He has broad shoulders, tapering to narrow hips. His legs are long and they are powered by big, tough muscles. His neck is long too, and his face is well modelled. At his best he has the Greek profile. At worst, his features are nicely defined and even.

## and SPORTY

What sort of character is the Athletic Man? Reliable, serious, loyal. He is a good sportsman. Except at the top-most levels, where his poor imagination is a drawback.

He talks slowly and rarely reaches the intellectual heights. He makes a good soldier, a disapproving statesman.

Some instances of the Athletic Man—Peter Hulme, Lord Alexander of Turke, Earl Mountbatten, Jim Laker.

But what about the women on the beach? Ah, that is

where the Personality Game becomes tough to play. For it is the variation in muscle and bone that helps the psychologists to put men into classes. And women have much less of both. Even so there are women who are clearly Pyknic. The Queen Mother, for example. And quite a number of the slim, cool model girls are obviously Asthenic girls too. And then, what of the men who fall between two classes? In fact, they are probably the majority. But that doesn't mean that the psychologists' labels are useless. Far from it. For the general types remain. With them as a guide, the psychologists can explain why a predominantly athletic young man is miserable if his parents want him to become a musical genius. They can tell an Asthenic why he is unlikely to make an able personnel manager.

But, of course, there is someone else on the beach who mustn't be forgotten. The person in the deck-chair. Yourself. If you still don't know which group is yours, run through the quiz.

Or, even better, consult a jury of your friends.



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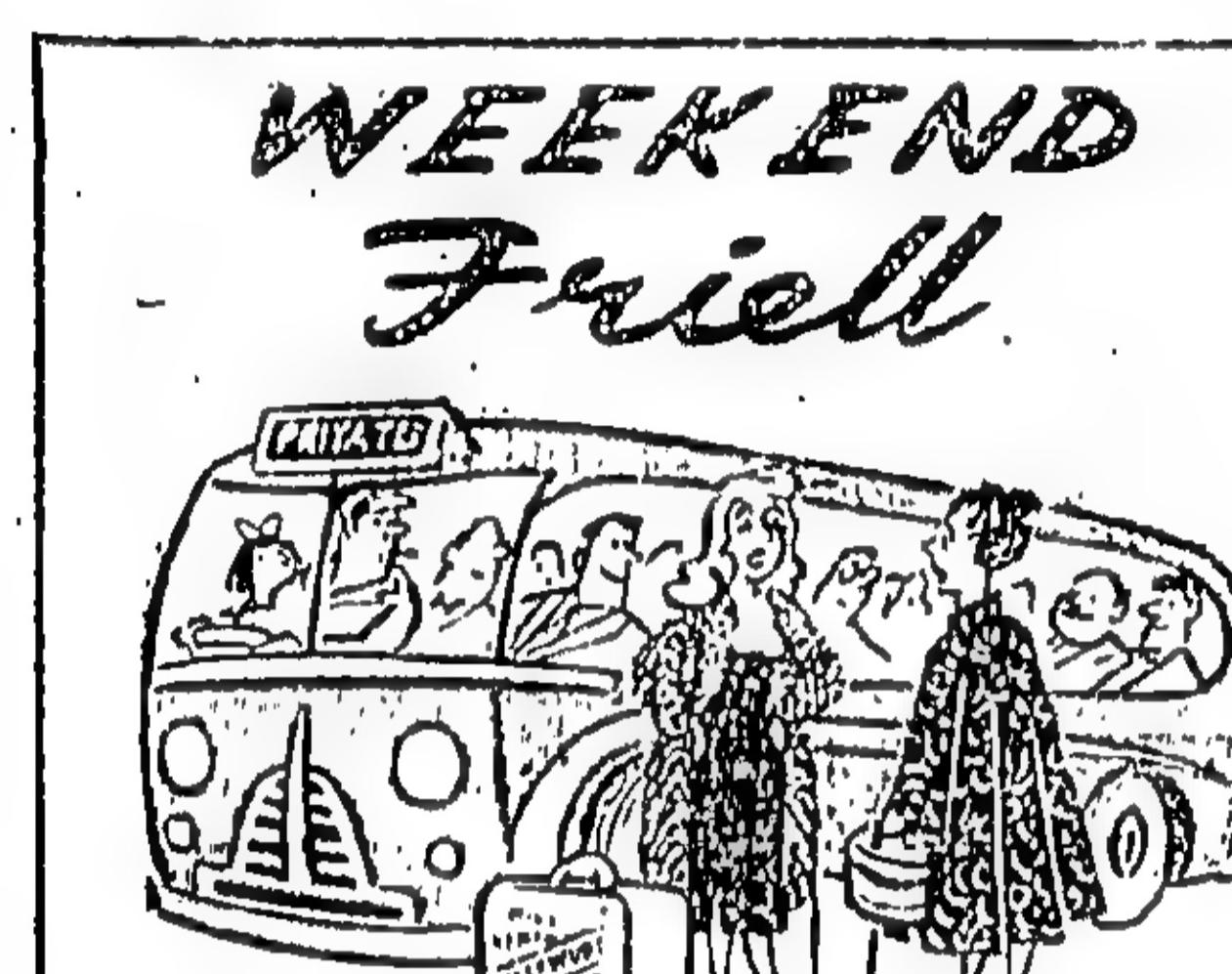
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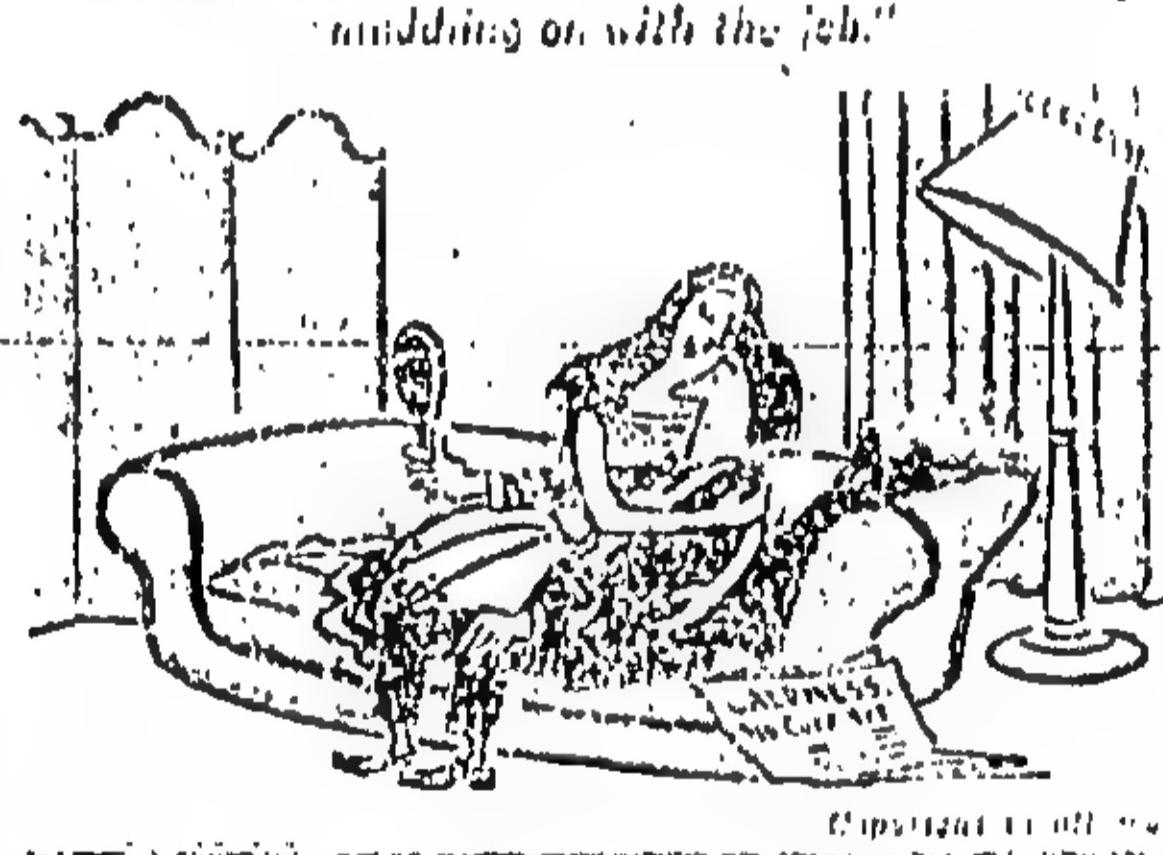
"Why should Vivien hog all the publicity? I'm going on a motor tour with my daughter and ex-husbands."



"Altrincham has a point. The effect on a constitutional monarchy of the eleven plus exam is an exciting speculation!"



"I'm sure what the P.M. did was that we'd better get muddling on with the job."



## LEADERS OF INDUSTRY FOR HARWELL COURSE

They will learn about isotopes

THE directors and senior executives of many industrial firms will be going back to classroom "lessons" from September 25-27 to learn about the uses of radio-isotopes. A special course has been arranged for them in the Isotope School at Harwell.

During the visit, the executives will see the latest Harwell reactors, including Dido, where hundred of powerful isotopes are produced for use by hospitals and industry.

They will tour the radiation laboratories at Wantage to watch experiments in the use of highly radio-active materials for the irradiation of food, chemicals and other manufactured articles.

### Safety precautions

In the Isotope School, lectures will be given on safety precautions which are necessary in handling isotopes.

The executives will also hear a talk on the economics of converting an ordinary laboratory so that it can handle the dangerous waste products of the atomic industry.

After viewing the latest handling equipment, experts will answer questions from the executives on the best methods to use in their own businesses.

The course will close with a full-scale discussion into some of industry's problems and the ways in which Harwell's research teams are meeting them.

(London Express Service)

## I'm the odd man out in Tito-land

BRING me, I said to the waiter, one of your national dishes! Quelque chose naturel au pays... etwas sehr spezial... eine dische nationale. You know how one goes on abroad.

After a time the waiter went away muttering to himself and came back with a cold fried chop and some doubtful salad.

I don't know whether this is indeed a Yugoslav national dish. I was only in Split for 24 hours, and never wish to go back to find out.

Up to now I have always had a soft spot in my heart for Marshal Tito. Like, I told myself, hasn't been all honey and flowers for him. All those Russians waiting to pounce. So this year I thought I'd like to bathe in his bit of the Adriatic, eat a few delicious meals, listen to the band, buy a few souvenirs and generally give him a helping hand and some British travellers' cheques.

Besides, one of my relatives used to be always popping over to Yugoslavia to build a road when she was a student.

### I queued....

I NEVER saw her road... out of family loyalty I refuse to believe it was the one over which we bumped from the airport, but then I saw very little of the country during my twenty-four hour visit. Most of the time was taken up queuing to get away. In any case I would have had to join a queue whatever I had planned to do, and the one at the travel agency seemed the most rewarding at the time.

I could have joined the queue for the post office, the queue for the bank, the queue for the theatre (outdoor, incomprehensible, and on the night I was there cancelled), the queue for the railway station...

As you will have gathered, there were a good many other people in Split besides myself, and it is only fair to point out that most of them seemed to be enjoying themselves hugely.

I am sure it was my own fault, but I was not one of them. I was all so very different from what I had imagined. There were no gypsies, no flowers, no bands. On the other hand, there were a great many pictures of Tito.

I found so many identical pictures curiously depressing and longed to come across one on which someone had scribbled a moustache.

Because all men are equal except, I suppose, the Marshal the hall porter of my hotel was not in uniform but dressed like everyone else in singlet and trousers.

He spoke only one word of English and that word was naturally passport.

Yugoslavs collect passports while most of their neighbours collect hard currency. At the airport they took everyone's

passport every time we got on the plane touched down, then having scribbled them and collected the passengers together in a dingy waiting room, encouraged them to fight each other in wild struggle to get them back.

Passports become like drugs on these occasions, and it is a matter of life and death for their owners to possess them again as soon as possible.

We put up quite a good fight and I think even the policeman was amused when an elderly American lady had her hot knocked off and her glasses broken in the melee.

The drive to the city from the airport was standard. The 45-minute journey (it always seems to take 45 minutes no matter where you land) was made in the usual enormous bus driven too fast and on the wrong side of the road.

The land looked barren. In the fields old women sat staring out at their meagre plots and wondering presumably where their next goat was coming from.

When we arrived in Split it was raining, and there were no taxis. It was still raining when I reached my hotel bedroom, and the lady upstairs had let her bath water overflow and the water was pouring through the ceiling.

Because all men are equal except, I suppose, the Marshal the hall porter of my hotel was not in uniform but dressed like everyone else in singlet and trousers.

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Yugoslavs collect passports while most of their neighbours collect hard currency. At the airport they took everyone's

but he just sat behind the desk because in Split that's the most comfortable place to be. In front of the desk you have to stand.

### Long enough

TWENTY-FOUR hours is not very long to stay in a country if you want to get to know it really well and be able to write about it. On the other hand I never understand people who pride themselves on not judging by appearances or not trusting their first impressions.

Nor do I subscribe to the theory that travel broadens the mind, it does, however, in my case loosen the tongue.

I once stayed 35 hours in Bombay and occasionally surprised myself when I am asked out to dinner and have a few drinks, by my grasp of India and all her problems.

This winter I shall expect to be asked out a good deal by those of my friends who are interested in the Balkans and their problems. I am alas no longer interested myself but shall do my best to satisfy their curiosity whenever a suitable full occurs in the conversation.

### Wonderful

ON the way home from a wonderful holiday in Venice I stopped for a day in Vienna. In the lobby of the hotel stood Bob Hope. "Come with me to the desk," I begged him, "while I try to get a room. Tell them that I am a friend of yours." Mr. Hope agreed.

"Have you," I asked the reception clerk, "a room in your beautiful hotel? I understand that my friend Mr. Hope is most comfortable here."

"Is this gentleman a friend of yours?" he replied, looking at Mr. Hope.

"All I know about him is that he cooks in his bedroom," said Mr. Hope.

A foolish joke for which he paid dearly. It was after two o'clock in the morning when I finished telling him about Split.

The next morning there was a large steamer in the harbour bound for Venice. It took some time to get my passport back from the hall porter, but I finally managed it. It occurred to me later that perhaps he wasn't the hall porter at all, and

Quiz Answers

If your answers are mainly A's then—say life experts—you are predominantly Pyknic. Many B's—Asthenic. Many C's—Athletic. The word test is based on research into the reactions of the three types.



My aim ... to get somewhere near this strength and grace, when I paint bamboo.

## I Hold The Brush

by Estelle Hillaly

**M**Y interest in oriental painting was born some few years ago at the University of California, when I developed a fascination for Japanese painting. A fascination which led me to enrol in a class studying the subject.

The lecturer in this particular class was a somewhat alert little professor by the name of Chiru Obata. Professor Obata was an artist, and his proficiency was coupled with a commonsense view on how much stress a student should place on art.

His belief was that an artist should not confine himself to the pursuit of his art to the exclusion of everyday realities such as living. One must eat to live and generally speaking such eating is largely dependent on an ability to perform some duty to the satisfaction of others in order that one might receive reward.

The chances of any student in the professor's class reaching a standard where he or she would produce works which would satisfy others to the extent that they might wish to possess them, was far off than the professor's words almost appeared superfluous.

Unquestionably the way of the world seems to dictate that an individual should receive no reward for satisfying himself.

The combination of Professor Obata's creative imagination and physical skill was something capable of spurring any student of his art to greater endeavour in the hope of eventually being able to match his wonderful technique.

It most certainly inspired me. With a few sweeps of his brush, the professor would produce a scene of great beauty. His subjects would vary in extreme from "San Francisco in the Rain," to "New York by Moonlight," to establish a purely American theme.

The day eventually arrived when I had to leave my Japanese professor behind and concentrate on previously mentioned "everyday realities." In short, I had to start work.

A few months ago I returned to the part of the world in which I had spent most of my life and it was largely due to this oriental background that, shortly after my return, I was interested in meeting a well-known bamboo artist Mr Lau Ta Po. The meeting revived my interest, and I joined Mr Po's class.

Having touched on everything but my subject, "Why I took up Chinese painting," I shall try to outline why I was attracted to it. I have always felt a strong creative urge, but not possessing a natural skill in any particular sphere, I had to choose something which I considered within my scope. Chinese painting is creative and indeed easy.

I felt sure I would enjoy producing beautiful patterns on paper. Even felt I was capable of learning how to do them well. This basic enthusiasm kept me going after I discovered I had made a mistake in supposing Chinese painting "easy." Another thing which attracted me in Chinese

painting was the scope for imagination. I considered myself fairly imaginative. This kind of art, however, gives one a chance to build up one's imagination in ways which, although a bit restricted, is nevertheless satisfying.

My first efforts to paint a bamboo must have appeared to my tutor to plumb the depths of helplessness but, by practice and encouragement, I eventually managed to produce something which bore a remarkable similarity to a bamboo stalk.

I well remember the great

feeling of achievement I experienced when I first placed brush to paper and with a few deft strokes, created a bamboo.

A bamboo, which I considered,

would place me well on the

way to proficiency and success in Chinese painting.

My early efforts were cast aside in the light of this sudden discovery. I was satisfied that I was on the right road. Having reached this stage, I have arrived at the present and find myself striving even more to master the intricacies of this delightful but endless struggle.

My progress in Chinese

painting has been very slow,

but the enthusiasm exhibited over my efforts by Mr Po has done much to turn the slowness

into a determination — a

determination firmly enough to

progress. Mr Lau Ta Po is a

perfect example of a happy

being. He is not happy in

material wealth. He is satisfied

that he has mastered, in the

course of 30 years, an art which

is both beautiful and worth

while.



I sense his watchful eye and guiding hand — but plod along regardless.

My spirits picked up immediately. They were not of identical quality. In fact the difference was so big that it was stunning.

In the comparison, my eye remained more and more upon the recent painting. Little

more than a glance at my

original "masterpiece" was

enough to show how bad it was.

A wonderful feeling of pleasure

rose up in me as I realised that

my recent work was good. I had improved. I had progressed.

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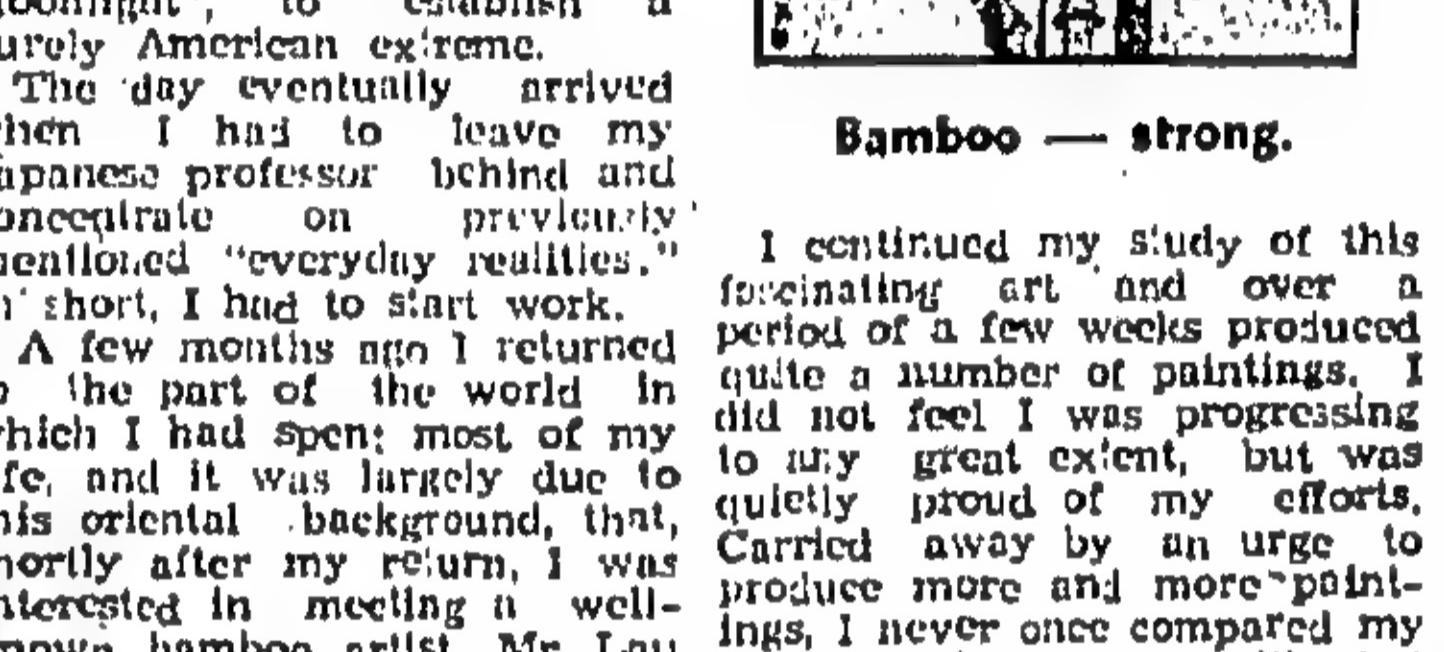
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Bamboo — strong.



Bamboo — slim.

## Three months that shook Lloyd's

by George  
Malcolm Thomson  
EVENING STANDARD  
BOOK CRITIC

JUST before noon, the "Lutine" bell was rung and an announcement was made in Lloyd's. Underwriters, brokers and clerks burst into excited cheers on that November morning in

1914. The Emden had been sunk like the devil. We are not built for fighting."

There was no chance to run from the Sydney. Caught in her corner, the Emden did all that four-inch guns can do against six-inch Von Muller was allowed to keep his sword.

Hooligan — narrative is a heavy-handed affair, rich in color, heroic in second-hand "vividness." With a doom-day shattering crash, a rush of heat, a gust of wind, the Emden's first salvo thundered across the intervening space of calm Indian Ocean."

Hooching has not found the right touch for his record of a debonair captain and a gay adventure.

This German naval officer was a dashing fellow, a sportsman, best of all a humorist.

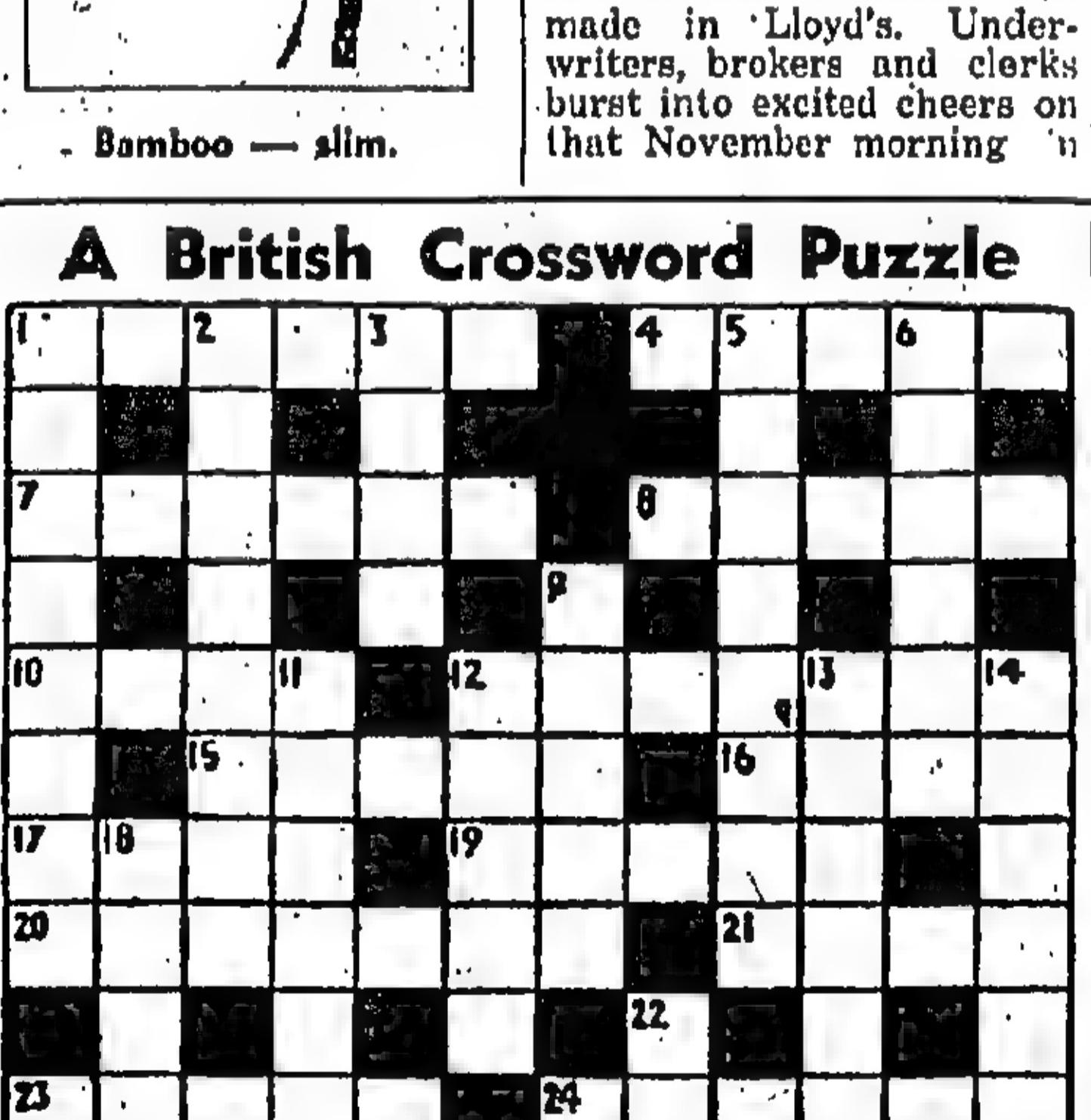
Had he not sent a radio message to the Indian Government: "Shall be glad to carry mails between Calcutta and Rangoon?"

"Have you seen German cruiser in Bay of Bengal?" he radioed to a prospective victim, who answered: "No." "You will," von Muller promised, and in due course kept his word with a well-aimed torpedo.

While refueling his bunkers off a coral island he was asked by a British plantation manager (who had no idea that war had broken out) "Oh, just carrying out manoeuvres with the British Navy," said von Muller airily.

The Emden's war was short and gay. It began in Tsinling, the German port on the China coast. It ended three months later at Coco Islands. In the interval, the ship had sunk a Russian cruiser and a French destroyer, had shelled Madras and spread alarm across the ocean.

In a panic, the dealers on Mandingo Lane put the price of tea up 200 a pound. Rubber and tin prices soared. All this Captain von Muller accomplished readable.



**A British Crossword Puzzle**

**ACROSS**

- Like a jade? (6)
- He botch things? (8)
- Report, probably untrue (6)
- But, not necessarily dead (7)
- Part of a ship in Yorkshire (4)
- British naval soldier? (7)
- Word (5)
- Old and withered (4)
- Introduction (8)
- Old, poor (4)
- Women's delight (7)
- He's stupid! (4)
- Go, go, go! (5)
- Fall, sorcerer! (6)
- Lay out, get ready (6)

**DOWN**

- It's over ones' eyes (8)
- Finish, off (8)
- Prize, as archbishop (4)
- Wife (4)
- Weapon used in building (8)
- Make sport of (6)
- Broccoli (6)
- Decorate (6)
- Soft drink (6)
- What's new? (6)
- Shell-hole (6)
- Tom's viewpoint (4)

### BIG MONEY



## NOW LADS, EXPLODE! RUSSIANS TEST CARR AND LINDSAY

By DESMOND HACKETT

Britain's explosive young men were selected last week for the toughest testing range of athletics—explosions when the Great Britain team was named to take on Russia at London's White City on August 23 and 24.

Nineteen-year-old grammar schoolboy MIKE LINDSAY and 15-stone, 20-year-old Barnsley miner ARTHUR ROWE make up the shot put team.

Lindsay goes in again in the discus hurling effort with his high-powered plus-boy GERALD CARR, MIKE ELLIS, his one ambition to be the first Briton to reach world class in the joy-through-strength events, is throwing the hammer.

I say right now that Mike Ellis will be the first Briton to beat the 200ft. throw in this international match.

Twenty-one-year-old engineering apprentice COLIN SMITH, British Empire's best javelin hurler, is another of the explosive young men on the testing line.

Most of these young chaps will end up on the losing side against the highly-specialised State-trained huskies from Russia. But they will face the challenge; most of them will beat their own times, and all of them will decide that anything the Russians can do now they can do just as well within three years from now.

### I'D PAY TO SEE THIS RACE

The race I will be willing to pay to observe is the 5,000 Metres—or 3 miles 148.01 yards if you want it in precise English.

The British pairing is world fastest miler and British three-mile champion Derek-durable-Ibbotson and Gordon-in-practical-Pirie, world record miler over this distance.

This is Pirie's first appearance in an international match since emigrating to New Zealand.

Pirie v. Ibbotson should fill the stadium. With Russian intervention it should be the most exciting race since Chris Chataway beat Vladimir Kuts in world record time in the same match, same race, three years ago.

The 1,500 Metres—1,840 yards—is the test piece for two under-the-four-minutes-milers—Ken Wood and Brian Nicolson. In his present mood, Wood looks unbeatable.

I like, too, the steeplechase line-up of Eric Shirley and John Dixley. This is one event where I look for the British one and two placings.

So, after all, Nina Ponomareva, world record discus thrower, is not coming to London.

Only three days ago Nina said she would come to Britain. But now she has asked to be relieved from the team because of "the painful impression" of her last visit.

(London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)



### BIG HOPES FOR TWO THIRD DIVISION SIDES

## Palace And Rangers Should Have Good Seasons

by HAROLD PALMER

The London Third Division clubs of whom most can be expected in the coming season are, I think, Queen's Park Rangers and Crystal Palace. Rangers because they have such an established defence and now appear to have added thrust in attack; Palace because they can expect their young players to bring better results as their experience grows.

Only three clubs in the Southern Section, Ipswich, Colchester and Southampton, had fewer goals scored against them than Rangers last season.

### NOT SO BRIGHT

The reason for this happy state of affairs lies in the six players who formed Rangers' defence, Springfield, Woods, Ingham, Pelecy, Butter, and Andrews. Between them they missed only six League games, Springfield, Ingham and Andrews being ever present.

The attacking side of the picture was nothing like so bright. Fourteen forwards were tried,

Only 61 goals were scored, and Gillingham alone gained fewer. Rangers have met this situation intelligently. They have sacrificed a promising young winger in Mike Hellawell, to gain two thrustful, goal-scoring inside-men, as well as some cash to help balance the budget.

They let Hellawell go to Birmingham in exchange for Bill Finney and enough money to pay Colchester about £1,500 to Eddie Smith.

For the red-headed Smith, history turns a full cycle. Rangers were his first League club. It was only 14 when he played for their first team against Aldershot in war-time football.

There is no doubt about their ability. We have just been waiting a couple of years for them to gain experience. We might go a long way this season.

### £1,200 STAFF

If Mike Denkin goes even brooks at centre-forward, he should get a stack of goals. Alderton has been the unluckiest player I have ever seen for hitting the post!

The 32 professionals now on the staff have cost Palace only £1,200. This is some difference from the money that was spent before Spiers arrived.

Palace have signed, as a professional, John Dennis, 17-year-old outside-right, formerly on Arsenal's ground staff.

—(London Express Service).



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AT HONG KONG'S BETTER STORES

## The Near And The Far In The World Of Sport

# NOW OUR LOCAL SWORDSMEN HAVE A FOLLOWING

## After A Long Struggle For Recognition

By I. M. MacTAVISH

"What a difference a day makes" . . . so went the first line of a popular song of not so long ago. As far as Colony sport is concerned it might well be amended to "What a difference a year makes" . . . and be dedicated to the small band of enthusiasts who have inspired fencing in our midst.

I remember visiting the European YMCA on a night when the Colony Fencing Championships were being fought out; and I remember dividing my thoughts between the excellence of the entertainment served up and the almost complete absence of spectators wishing to enjoy it.

After the championships had sieders, the sheer simplicity of such an attitude is impressive—but firmly—impressed on the route I would take.

Let's not pretend that I appreciated the situation. I didn't . . . but when commonsense returned it was easy to see that the MacTavish cult was a dead one . . . for MacTavish, but that the Police coupe was a good one for the whole 20,000 to 30,000 other souls who like me no doubt, thought they knew twenty-five to thirty thousand better or quicker ways of getting to the match . . . but that is human nature after all.

In the months that lie ahead the Hong Kong Football Association and the Hong Kong Police will have to face many big problems of crowd control. Our main stadia are not the most accessible . . . and neither are they the easiest to clear . . . but it would be well for spectators to remember that both the arrangements for filling the grounds and the plan for dispersing the crowd when the match is over are designed for the sole purpose of assuring the fans to enjoy their football in as much comfort as possible.

You might very well think that—in your wisdom—as in your heart—that you could do a better job, but that must remain un-said.

### MUST FIT IN

This is one time when individuals must fit into a master plan and I can only say in respect that the combined efforts of the HKFA and the Police have worked excellently up to now . . . and with the helpful co-operation of the football public they will go on doing well . . . in fact they will improve still further with the experience gained on every big occasion.

I still like to recall a remark made to me outside the Hong Kong Stadium by a senior police officer some time ago, when in a spirit of some frustration, I selfishly explained my personal travel problem . . . "Oh, it's a worry alright," he said. "Now multiply it by about twenty-five thousand and you'll know how we are feeling at this moment . . ."

Makes you think, doesn't it? Common sense and co-operation with the authorities will save you a lot of ulcer and blood-pressure trouble in the season just ahead . . . try it, and see for yourself.

### WORKED TOGETHER

The Football Association and the Police get more than their fair share of criticism for many diverse reasons, but there is nothing, but praise for the way they have worked together to develop the art of handling the scattered crowds at the Racecourse as well as the large crowds on big match days.

The success which has attended these combined operations has been due to uncanny planning on one side and unobtrusive, tactful control on the other.

I

common with many others if I have issued a few quiet if sanguinary oaths when my car has suddenly been diverted from what I thought was the best route to or from a particular ground.

In

on this basis that fencing has firmly established its claim to a place of prominence among our competitive sports . . . and I believe quite honestly that much of what has been achieved is due to the happy inter-community relationships which exist within the Hong Kong Amateur Fencing Association.

The

only thing that matters

is whether or not a person

man or woman . . . wants to fence: there are no other con-

When Cowbridge played Brecon at cricket in South Wales Cowbridge scored 120 and had taken nine Brecon wickets for 119. As the last batsman was walking to the wicket the home umpire slipped out the stumps declaring the match drawn as the batsman was allowed two minutes to take strike and there was only one minute left for play!

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**UMPIRE WON**

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one minute left for play!

### POP

OUR SPORTSMASTER DOESN'T LIKE THE FORM

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HE'S A MAN THAT DOESN'T GO IN FOR FAVOURITES

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HE DOESN'T BOTHER WITH OUTSIDERS, EITHER!

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## SPORTING SAM . . . by Reg. Wootton



## RUSSIANS ARE WORKING TO A TWO-PART DEVELOPMENT PLAN FOR BIG TENNIS

By DEREK JOHN

Russians at Wimbledon in 1959. That is my forecast after studying the Soviet Union's efforts to become a first-class power in international lawn tennis.

The Russians joined the International Lawn Tennis Federation last year, and now, with typical thoroughness, they are working to a two-part "development" plan.

Part one of the campaign concerns administration and equipment. They have built a new tennis stadium in Moscow—Lenin Stadium—which has a centre court to accommodate 18,000 spectators, and thirty-four other courts. Arrangements are being made to build tennis courts throughout the country.

Part two of Operation Tennis aims to improve the standard of Russian play. This is the more difficult task; at present the Russians are well below world class.

But the Russians are tremendously keen to learn and they have already made great strides this year. They sent observers to Wimbledon and persuaded Fred Perry, three times Wimbledon Champion, to coach some of their top players in Moscow. And this month they have staged their first international lawn tennis tournament.

The Russians still have a long way to go and I doubt if they will advance rapidly enough to compete at Wimbledon next year. But they have several players of great promise—particularly among the women.

One name to note is Irina Radanova who, at 18, with proper training, could become another "Little Mo". She started playing tennis when she was twelve and last year became Soviet Junior Champion.

Russia has never yet sent a team to Wimbledon, but between the world wars several "White" Russians played as individuals there. The most distinguished of these was D. D. Pronn—but he never played for Russia.

As a boy he left his own country during the revolution. He played for Germany in the Davis Cup and during the Hitler ascendancy he settled in England. Last year his son Oliver became British Junior Champion.

## GRAND PRIX RACING

Forget those reports that Enzo Ferrari, Italy's crack car builder, will withdraw from Grand Prix racing next year. There is no truth in them whatsoever.

My authority for the statement: Signor Ferrari. He describes the rumours as "just silly".

"I say nothing about the future to anybody. After all it is impossible to make definite plans with motor racing in its present state. I do not know yet what I shall do next year. But rumours that I am leaving Grand Prix racing are ridiculous."

It is known, however, that Ferrari suffered grievously when the Marquis de Portago died in the Mille Miglia race. Because of the disaster he has so far refused to enter cars for Italian events.

Some time previously Signor Ferrari, now aged 60, suffered a severe blow when Italian Champion driver Eugenio Castellotti was killed practising at Modena.

He was also like a father to Alberto Ascari, the Milan ace, who was killed over two years ago.

Following her record-breaking crossing of the Bristol Channel—eleven miles in 6 hours 7 minutes—American swimmer Miss Florence Chadwick is preparing to swim the Irish Sea. She plans to cross from Donaghadee, Northern Ireland, to Portpatrick, Scotland, a distance of twenty-one and a half miles.

Miss Chadwick, holder of ten world swimming records, is now 30 years old. But her fitness is still remarkable.

After swimming the Bristol Channel by night she went to bed at six o'clock in the morning and was up again at nine to wash her hair. She was fitter than any of the boat crew who accompanied her.

"What did she get out of that big swim? 'Nothing but honour and glory,' she says.

It was sponsored by a country club near New York called the Grossinger. The club pays generously towards her expenses.

## GRIEVES HAS A GRIEVANCE

By W. CAPEL KIRBY

Having declared "their intention to give footballers a fairer deal—the rules are already under revision for that purpose—I suggest the League Management Committee should call Burden Park and find why Bolton Wanderers gave Ken Grieves the brush-off without giving him a benefit."

Last January this colourful goalkeeping Lancashire cricketer expected a benefit cheque for £750.

All Bolton have given him for more than five years loyal service is a free transfer.

Bolton's argument is that he put cricket before football, but Ken assures me the reverse was the case. Keistering has made Grieves an attractive offer but he is not keen to drop out of League football—not even after his treatment at Bolton.

Sad footballer I saw in a group of 80 attending an FA coaching course at Lilleshall was Fathi Karaduman, Turkish international full-back, who couldn't speak or understand a word, but made copious notes.

## IMPORTANT DATE

The other Friday was an important date in Matt Busby's diary. It was Norbert Silles' last day as a pupil at St. Patrick's College, which meant Manchester United were free to approach this Manchester schoolboy international. When Silles played against Germany in Stuttgart, he reminded me of Henry Cockburn in build, style and tackling tenacity.

Walter Winterbottom will be chief adjudicator of the first certificate football coaching course to be held in Eire, starting on August 12, under the control of George Wardle.

He would have been a great asset to Australia on their last two tours of England. But if he had played for his county he would have to spend three years qualifying all over again for his county.

During the summer she tries to put on weight to keep the cold out during her long swims. Each winter she "streamlines" again.

For the past five months Miss Chadwick has been swimming an average of four miles a day in training.

The departure of an English women cricketers' "Test team" for Australia and New Zealand is now assured.

The £3,500 which the English Women's Cricket Association needed for the tour has been raised.

Trimming hedges, baby-minding, cleaning cars, doing miles rounds and chopping firewood were among tasks which previously conquered the English Channel, the Bosphorus, San Diego Bay and the Straits of Gibraltar, revealing that she has averaged 18 miles of swimming a week for the past 27 years, a total of 25,000 miles, or once round the Equator. Her next attempt is on the Irish Channel.

The team is to sail on September 27. Meanwhile all the sixteen girls are observing a routine of non-smoking, early nights and early morning physical training. The captain, Miss Mary Duggan, is a physical training instructor.

In no other sport today do young people have such tremendous opportunities. But there are some drawbacks in being only thirteen.

Curly-headed Diana Wilkinson is the fastest woman swimmer in England. But she has not been chosen for the British team visiting China next month. She is considered too young to make such a long trip.

Nottingham cricketer Bruce Doolan, probably the greatest right-arm leg spin bowler in the world today, this winter returns to Australia with his wife and three children. He is thinking of staying there permanently.

He is a son with Notts and they have offered him attractive terms to stay on. But for the sake of his family—one problem is the education of his children.

(London Express Service). (COPYRIGHT)

former Middlesbrough, Exeter City, Queen's Park Rangers and Chelsea players. Assisting him will be Ken Chisholm, Jackie Milburn, Frank Brennan and Oscar Hold.

United—but still need an outside left. George Swindin inquiry at Chesterfield was told that a knee injury leaves his

fancied Pat Keating, but on career in doubt.

## DICK FRANCIS Asks

## Can You Afford A Racehorse?

Have you ever imagined owning a racehorse, being in the owners' stand at Ascot and cheering your brave, flashing two-year-old, (next year's classics in view) as he floors the opposition with a brilliant winning run?

It is the owner's dream come second and third prizes often true the peak of his day, the do not cover the expenses of intoxication of his spirit.

Even the few people who win 20 races a year never lose the thrill of seeing their horses win and those to whom winning is still a dream rarely desert their beloved hobby.

Some day, somewhere, they are sure their horse will win.

Meanwhile, they are content with the thrill of seeing their horse on the course, or with watching him develop, or simply with the satisfaction of possessing such a beautiful animal.

But, coming down to earth, how much does it cost? The minimum yearly sum is about £750.

## £10 TRAINING FEE

The purchase price of a horse may be £30 or £30,000, but the cost of training him is the same in each case.

Trainers' fees in fashionable stables are now £10 for each horse. This is roughly what it actually costs, in fodder, wages, and overheads, to keep him.

A typical account for one week's training, including a flat race about 75 miles from home, is made up as follows:

Training fee—£10; blacksmith—£1 5s; veterinary fee—£1 1s.; entry fee to race—£5; jockey's fee—£5; horse-hire—£12. Total £27.

If the horse loses, betting money must be added to the reckoning. If he wins, the prize will pay all these expenses, and also provide presents for trainer, jockey, and stable lads, largesse all round, and champagne for friends in the bar!

It may also pay the training bill for a while, should the next venture prove less happy. The

## HOPEFUL OWNERS

Some meetings offer a subsidy of a few pounds to encourage owners to send their horses.

Chances of winning with a really poor animal are small, but a lot can be managed for an average horse if he is sensibly entered in the less important races.

Unfortunately for themselves, many owners overrate their horses, and insist on running them (without results) in a competition too good for them.

Perhaps these owners truly feel more satisfaction in being last in the Derby than first in a maiden race at Alexandra Park.

On the whole, a well-bred horse, if he wins two or three good races, will eventually repay in stud fees his original purchase price and make a sound profit for his owner.

There are, of course—and luckily, especially for National Hunt racing—thousands of owners for whom the joy of the sport is more important than the possibility of profit.

The whole industry of racing is built upon their pleasure, and will collapse without it.

(London Express Service).

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style—  
trim, thin line to  
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Sleeper Chairs are now available for FIRST-CLASS PASSENGERS on all services to Australia.  
For bookings contact JARDINE, MATHERON & CO., LTD., Phœnix 8211, 8212 and LEADING TRAVEL AGENTS.

## THE WEEKEND GAMBOLS . . .



## By Barry Appleby



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# CHINA MAIL

Page 20

SATURDAY, AUGUST 24, 1957.

**NEW!**  
**SHEAFFER'S**  
*Feathertouch*  
**BALLPOINT**

## NORTHANTS BECOME RUNNERS-UP

### Beat Derbyshire In Last Day

Prominent Golfer Leaving Hongkong

by a China Mail Reporter



The recently concluded Thailand-United States aviation agreement which will allow Trans World Airlines to extend their international route from New York to Manila via Bangkok will affect Hongkong's golfing community. Interport player Dave Ander-

son, District Sales Manager for TWA, leaves the Colony this afternoon for Thailand to open the Bangkok station of his company.

Dave told me yesterday that he was sorry to leave but he hoped to make regular trips back here as Hongkong was still in his

territory. "I've been here since 1949," Dave said, "and that is the longest time I have ever spent in any one place in my whole life." Dave's wife Betty and his two daughters, Hallie and Kathryn, will join him some time next month.

### 3rd DAY SPECIAL REDUCTION

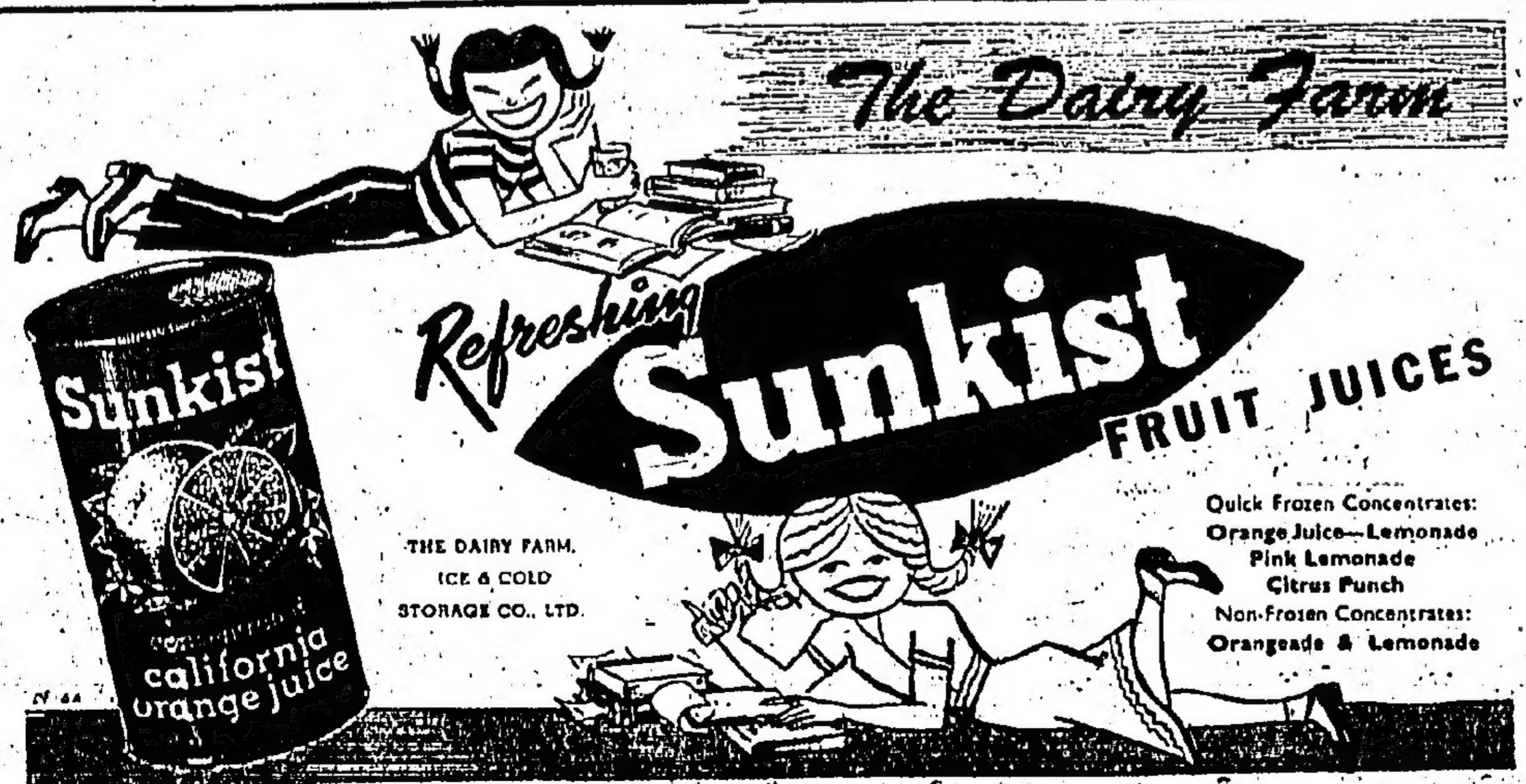
OUR "DAISY" OPENS...

AND SO DOES OUR ANNUAL SUMMER SALE

From  
August  
22nd  
to  
31st

Dresses  
Swim  
Suits  
Maternity  
Wear

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Printed and published by FIRM: PRIMUS Ltd. on behalf of South China Morning Post Limited at 1-3 Wyndham Street, City of Victoria in the Colony of Hongkong.

London, Aug. 23. Rain interfered considerably with the last day's play in the current series of County cricket matches but not before Northamptonshire had made sure of being runners-up (to Surrey) for the championship for the first time in 45 years.

Surrey (286 points) were not engaged and Northamptonshire after being behind on the first innings beat Derbyshire to take their total to 206.

George Tribe, the Australian, was chiefly responsible as when Derbyshire's last eight wickets had fallen for 20 runs to put them all out for 51, he had taken six for 18 in six overs.

#### Held Up

No other match produced a definite result today when every one was held up at some time by rain.

Nottinghamshire did have the consolation of first innings and bonus points. So did Yorkshire, third in the table with 164 in their draw with Warwickshire. Only 15 minutes' play was possible today and after a long delay the abandonment came in mid-afternoon.

#### Bonus Points

Derbyshire's first innings and bonus points against Northamptonshire left them fourth in the table with 156 points followed by Glamorgan 130.

#### REDFISSION

11 a.m. Morning Medley: 11.30 a.m. London Play House—Available, 12 noon. Tune Times: 12.30 p.m. Three Men On A Bike—Harry Belafonte, Dean Martin and Frank Sinatra; Keyboards—Lester Young; 1.15 p.m. August: 1.15 Weather Report, News and Special Announcements; 1.30 George Melachrino and His Orchestra—Vocalist: Marlene Dietrich, presented by Betty; 3 a.m. Year Featuring the Song Hits of 1947; 4 a.m. In His Steps—The Story of Home—Maxwell—Episode 14; Western Half Hour—Presented by Nick Kent; 1.30 Rhythmic Parade; 1.45 The Shampoo Show—Kris Lane and Peggy Lee; 2.30 Melody Magic; 6, Birthday Malling—Available, 12.30 p.m. The Story of Home—Marjorie; 7 Rediffusion; 7 a.m.—Presented by Philip Dickens; 7.30 A Programme of Music by Mantovani; 8.45 The Story of the Song—Song of Donald Peers; 9.15 Time Signal, and the News; 9.00 Weather Report, Announcements and Information; 9.15 Stories—The Englishman—Episode 16; 9.30 Voice of Sport; 9. Shirto Hit Parade; 9.30 Open House—Starring Diana Harmsmore and Lew Parker; 10.30, Harlem Nocturne; 11. Dance Party; 11.15 British Embassy—Available, 12.30 a.m. Commentaries by Rex Alison, John Arlott and Kenneth Ablak on the BBC Test Match at the Oval; 11.15 Summer Sport—Athletics—British Games At The White City—Great Britain v. Russia—Cricket—England v. Pakistan—Available, 12.30 a.m. Stories on the 8th Test Match at the Oval; 1 a.m., God Save The Queen; Close Down.

#### TELEVISION

5 p.m. Children's Films: 5.20, Children's Story Time; 5.30, Children's Films: 6, Close Down; 7.30, Sports Box... Presented By Jock Blaize; 7.45, Newsreel of World and Sports; 8, Newsreel of Women and Sports; 9, Current Film: "Women's Place" (Part 3); 9.30, Alfred Hitchcock—Present: "Our Miss Brooks"; Musical Variety: 9.30, Broderick Crawford—In "Highway Patrol"; Evening Features—Film: "What Was My罪"; 11, Late Night Final; 11.30, News Headlines, Close Down.

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